MARVEL MAGAZINES

# DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE™

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## Cyberman special!

We celebrate 30 years of the monsters from Mondas!

Issue 244 ♦ 23rd Oct 1996
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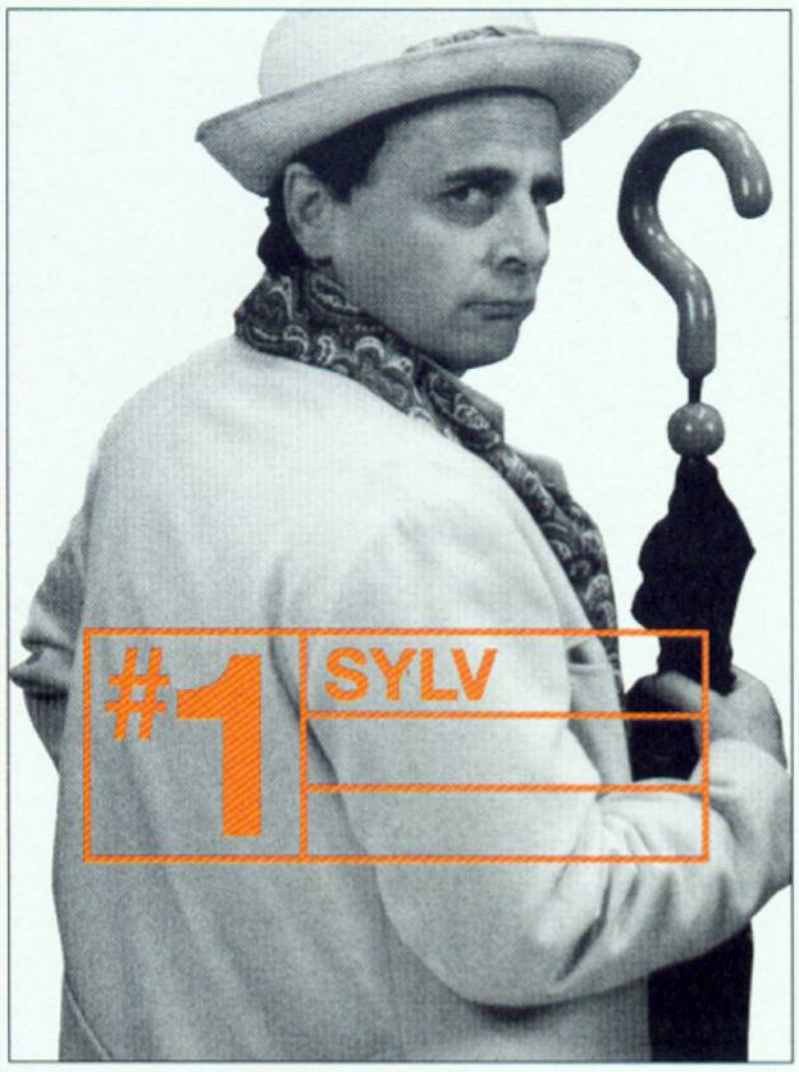
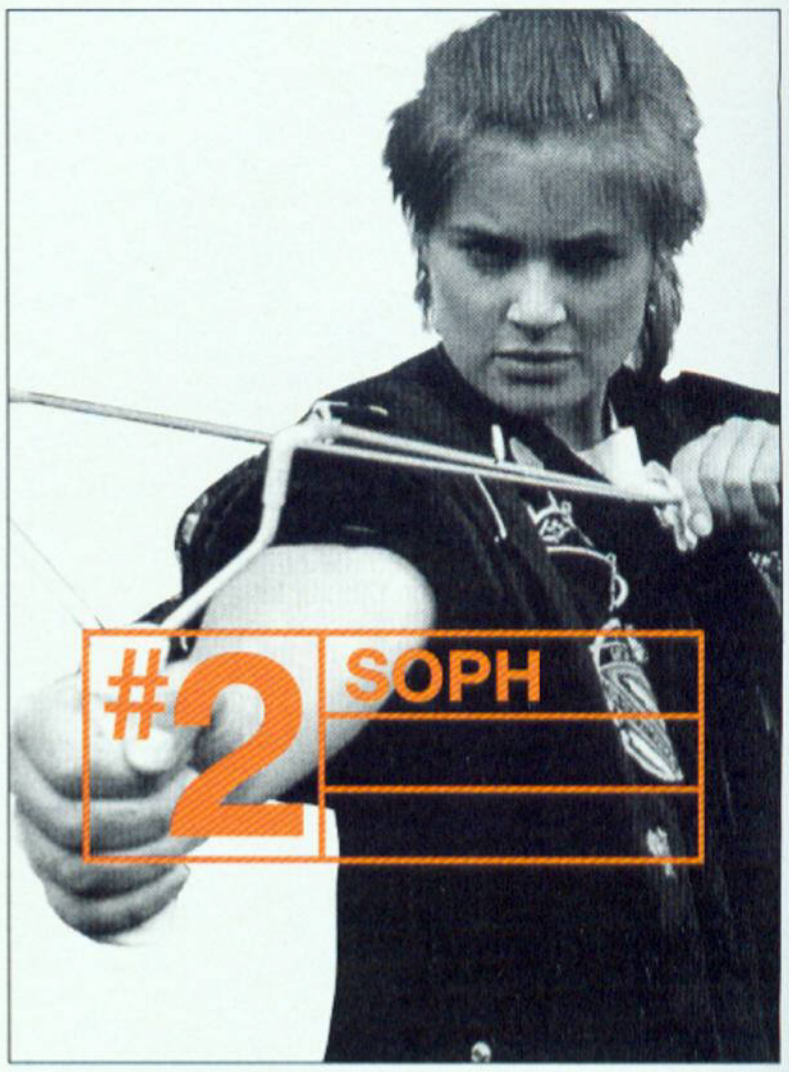
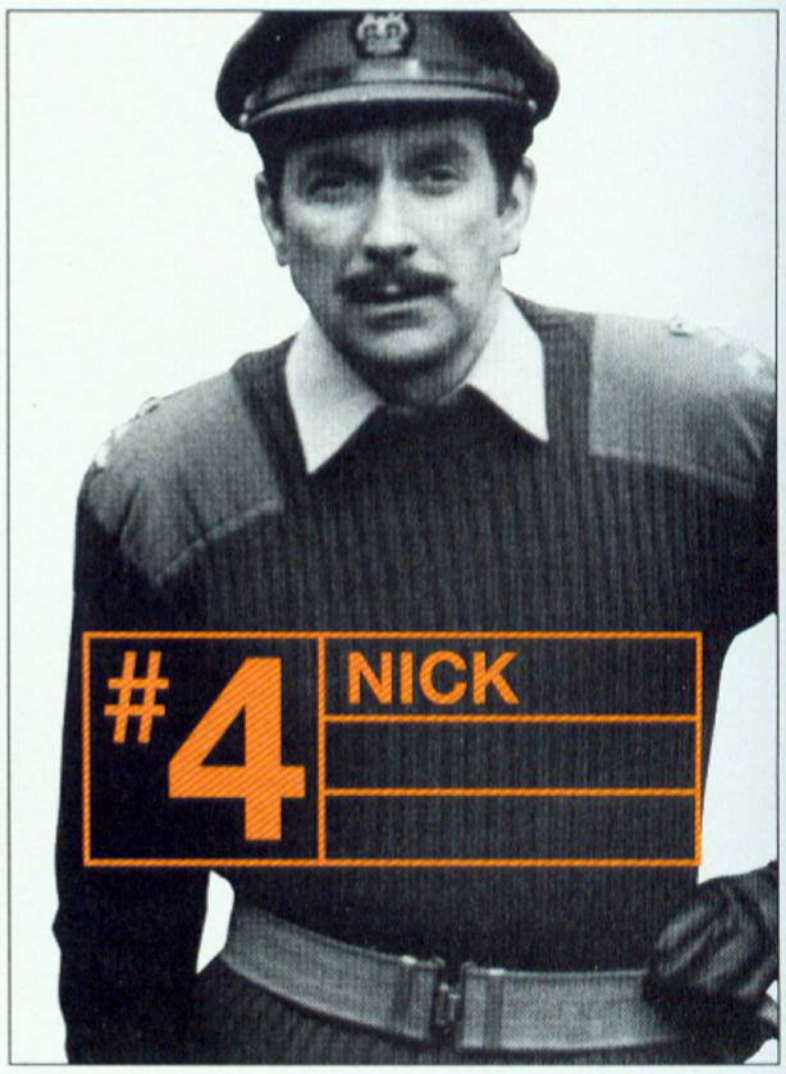
# Star-spotting



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**HOTEL LEOFRIC, COVENTRY**

From Dominitemporal Sevices and Doctor Who Magazine

The Cybermen have never really done a great deal for me, probably because of their almost total absence from *Doctor Who* during my formative years as a fan in the closing half of the seventies. It's curious, really; my earliest memory of the series is of Styre's head deflating in the closing minutes of *The Sontaran Experiment*. I can also recall huge swathes of *Genesis of the Daleks*, so you might expect something to stick in my mind from *Revenge of the Cybermen*. Either my memories of this Cyber-story have been blotted out by some sort of autonomic self-protection system in my brain, or it, and its chatty villains, completely failed to impress even the most impressionable four-year-old.

Two years later, a cardboard and tin-foil Dalek city covered every square-inch of my bedroom floor, and my Denys Fisher Tom Baker doll was forced to endure formulaic adventures that must have made the little plastic chap feel like he was trapped in a sub-*Groundhog Day* time-loop – as he was repeatedly captured and imprisoned by my Palitoy Talking Dalek (who would always insist on saying "What are your orders?" at the most inappropriate times, but I digress).

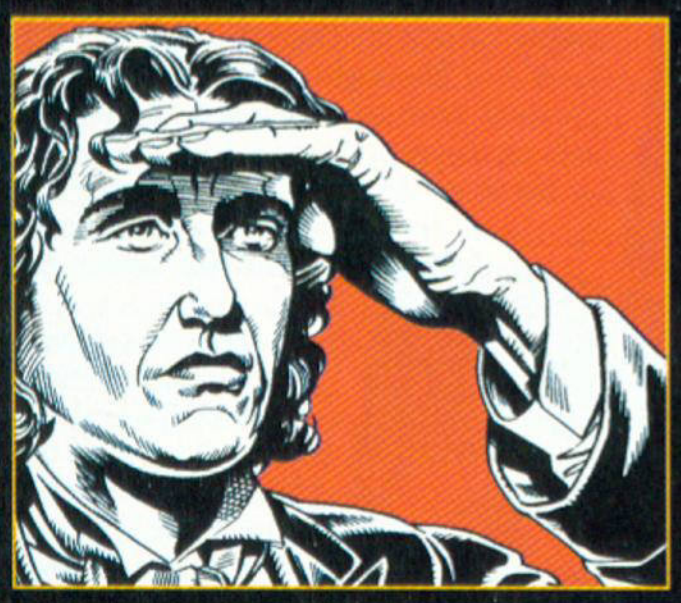
Even in this creative cauldron, the monster that will forever be known as "the Doctor's second-deadliest foe" was sidelined, as my Cyberman doll was forced to play the lowly role of 'Dalek robot', which was way down my imaginary credit list. Sure, my silver friend's packaging had claimed that he was no less than "The Threat From The Outerworld", but by that point his box had been turned inside-out and pressed into service as 'Dalek power system monitor', so this nugget of Cyber-hype had been completely forgotten.

So you see, the Cybermen were never quite 'it' for me. Certainly, I was the right age to enjoy *Earthshock* when it was broadcast, but even with all that exciting hardware on display, the Cybermen themselves still seemed so, well, *ordinary*.

Perhaps, then, it's just as well that they have both Alan Barnes and David Banks to speak for them in this, their birthday issue. Alan puts his positive views against those of new writer Sam Arthur in our *J'adore/J'accuse* feature which, if you like it, will be a format we'll use again to analyse other aspects of *Doctor Who*.

Whether or not *Silver Nemesis* shows the Cybermen at their best is a moot point, but this issue's *Archive* on that story, and the interview with its writer, form the first part or our *From Script to Screen* feature which, over the next few issues, will cover all aspects of the serial's production. It will culminate in a special interview where we encourage guest stars Fiona Walker and Gerard Murphy talk more freely about the show by plying them with large quantities of, er . . . lemonade. Look out for this new-style interview at Christmas!

*Gary*



## *Special Features*


**J'ADORE/J'ACCUSE THE CYBERMEN** 6
So are the Cybermen the greatest menace the Doctor has ever faced, or the silliest? We weigh up the evidence . . .

**EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT CONVENTIONS BUT WERE *AFRAID* TO ASK!** 16
A complete survival guide to *Doctor Who* conventions: who to see, where to go and what *not* to ask . . .

**TEMPORAL ORBITS II** 48
Chronological conundrums abound as we look at *Doctor Who*'s unique slant on time travel.


## *Interviews*


**MOON BOOTS AND LINEN SUITS** 10
David Banks looks back on his time playing the Cyber Leader, the Doctor and some bloke named Karl . . .

**DOCTOR *WHO?*** 31
Kevin Clarke, the writer who brought us the Cyber-saga *Silver Nemesis*, finally spills the beans about the Doctor's true identity . . .


## *Fiction*


**STRIP: *ENDGAME* PART ONE** 35
A newly-regenerated Doctor is looking for a quiet place to relax – but is Stockbridge all that it used to be . . ?


## *Regular Features*


**GALLIFREY GUARDIAN** 4
All the latest news on the world of *Doctor Who*.

**FLUID LINKS** 20
Matthew Jones takes a close look at the new Doctor – is he really the genuine article?

**TIMELINES** 21
Continuity confusion, the Class 4G fan club and Paul McGann's clear blue eyes – this one's got it all . . .

**ARCHIVE** 23
November 23rd, 1988. The worst people the world – and the galaxy – has to offer are massing in Windsor, and only the Doctor can stop them from gaining the ultimate weapon – the *Silver Nemesis* . . .

**SHELF LIFE** 44
Dave Owen looks at a *Myth Makers* video, a *Missing Adventure* and books about Jon Pertwee, both on and off-screen.

Editor **Gary Gillatt**
Assistant Editor **Scott Gray**
Designer **Paul Vyse**

Thanks this issue to: John Ainsworth, Sophie Aldred, David Banks, Kevin Clarke, Adrian Rigelsford, Gary Russell, Stephen James Walker, Martin Wiggins, *In-Vision*, BBC Books, BBC Video and Virgin Publishing, and congratulations to Robin and Lucy Smith on the birth of a brand-new sister for Emma Victoria; Sophie Mathilda!


This issue's competition entries should be sent on a postcard or back of a sealed envelope, clearly marked with the competition title, to:
**Doctor Who Magazine**, Marvel Comics, Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5TZ, England. Entries must arrive by second post on 11th December 1996.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## BBC Books hints at packed publishing plan for 1997

# Book & video bonanza!

**Further to reports in DWM 243, BBC Worldwide is gearing up for a busy schedule of new merchandise in 1997, while Virgin and HarperCollins are developing *Doctor Who*-related projects of their own.**

BBC Books' range of all-new Eighth Doctor novels is due to launch in June or July, alongside a new set of books featuring new adventures of the Doctor's earlier selves. Neither range has a confirmed overall title at the moment, but it seems likely that the Eighth Doctor stories will simply be called 'Doctor Who'. Both ranges will be launched with books from popular, established *Doctor Who* authors.

Tom is to recall his *Doctor Who* years for his new autobiography

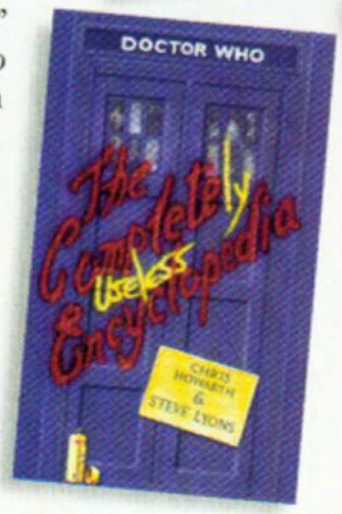
BBC Books' guidelines for prospective authors offer an insight into their plans for their new books. Like Virgin's output, the books will be around 250-300 pages. In the BBC books, however, linking storylines such as Virgin's *Timewyrm* series are discouraged.

Authors are told not to use characters from Virgin's books, and they should not explain the ancestry of the Doctor: "He is a being of mystery and should stay that way. We don't need to know too much about him – which includes whether or not he's half-human."

Nuala Buffini, the editor in charge of *Doctor Who* publishing, told **DWM**: "BBC Books is committed to a long-term future for *Doctor Who* and we want to create books that will appeal to both a new generation of fans brought to the series by the Eighth Doctor and most importantly, the loyal readership which has supported *Doctor Who* over the years."

Nuala also sought to reassure American fans over their concern that the new books might not be distributed in the United States. "We know that the TV Movie novelisation was not available in the US due to particular difficulties at the time, but we are currently channelling our best efforts into ensuring that our titles will be available across the States."

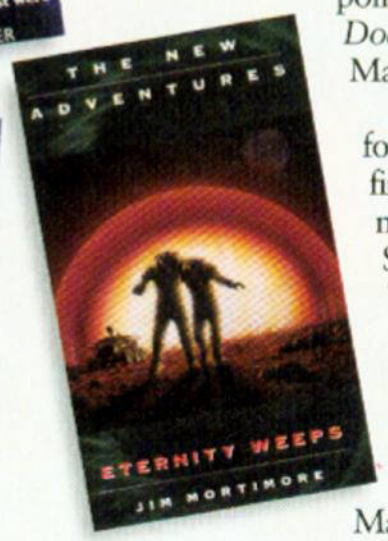
BBC Books' first *Doctor Who* publication since the novelisation is of an entirely different form, however, and takes the form of a set of *Doctor Who* notes and information in a filofax-insert format. The 24-page set, compiled by David Howe, will be on sale from the first week of October for £2.50 and will form part of the BBC's range of children's filofax inserts – *Tx File*.




The merger of the respective marketing departments of Video, Audio and Books within BBC Worldwide has left Nuala in charge of the selection and commissioning of all *Doctor Who* merchandise, including drawing up a new video schedule for 1996/97. In a small change to the original plans, the video of *The Green Death* will now be available in October, promoted as a tribute to its star, the late Jon Pertwee. Initial plans are in place for a video release every two months thereafter featuring previously unavailable stories, although re-releases of old favourites has not been ruled out. **DWM** has advised on the quality and archive status of remaining material, and recent Readers' Survey responses are being used to shape the schedule.

Meanwhile, publishing giant HarperCollins has made an indirect entry into the world of *Doctor Who* books by picking up the rights to Tom Baker's long-awaited autobiography, titled *Who on Earth is Tom Baker?*, and a publication date of October 1997 has been tentatively set. Tom turned down many previous approaches to write his memoirs, but now believes the time is right. "Up until now, I wasn't ready for it," he stated. "Now I feel strong enough to revisit my past and find out about myself. My past is almost mysterious to me in the sense that I'm a self-illusionist. I'm finally re-evaluating the people who have had the greatest influence on me, and it is proving to be a very exciting experience."

Over at Virgin, a crisis has struck their licensed *New Adventures* range in its final months. *So Vile a Sin* by Ben Aaronovitch will not be published in November as planned because of what editor Rebecca Levene described as "circumstances beyond Virgin's control". However, the **DWM** office understands from other sources that Ben failed to deliver even a significant proportion of his manuscript before his contracted deadline. The reasons for this are unclear. The loss of *So Vile a Sin* is a double blow for Virgin – not only was it the final book to feature companion Roz Forrester, it also formed the concluding chapter of their 'Psi-powers' series; an ongoing storyline which has featured in the books since February. No *New Adventure* will be published in November, and readers coming to December's book – Matthew Jones' *Bad Therapy* – will have to piece together the events of Ben's novel as best as they can. Rebecca tells us, however, that they hope to publish *So Vile a Sin* as a "Missing *New Adventure*" at some point before the company's *Doctor Who* licence expires in May.




Despite this, Rebecca has found time to commission the first and third titles in their new range of Bernice Summerfield-based books. The series will launch in June with *Oh No It Isn't* by Bernice's creator Paul Cornell. August will see the cheekily-titled *Beyond the Sun* from **DWM**'s Matthew Jones. Both will be fast and funny adventure novels based around Bernice's archaeological investigations.

Shown here is the cover to the Virgin's January *New Adventure* – and the first without the *Doctor Who* logo – *Eternity Weeps* by Jim Mortimore. The cover illustration is by Peter Elson. Also shown are the covers to the non-fiction paperbacks *The Completely Useless Encyclopaedia* by Steve Lyons and Chris Howarth, due to be published in December, and *The Nth Doctor* – Jean Marc L'Officier's look at aborted *Doctor Who* film projects – featuring the artwork of Colin Howard.

# Tom at Longleat!

**Sunday 18th August saw fans and the general public flocking to Longleat House to enjoy a special *Doctor Who* celebration organised by John Nathan-Turner and exhibitions supremo Lorne Martin.**

The event was designed as a multiple celebration of 30 years of the Cybermen, 20 years of the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society and, perhaps somewhat tenuously, 17 years of **Doctor Who Magazine**.

The first of these anniversaries was marked when a team of Cybermen, brought to life by the Hyde Fundraisers, were joined by Nicholas Courtney as the Brigadier and David Rodan, playing "Sergeant Fenton", in a live-action vignette called *A Quiet Day in the Country* – an explosion-packed mini-drama played to an enthusiastic audience in the Longleat grounds.

The star guest for the day, however, was the normally retiring Tom Baker, who was in high spirits as he signed autographs, answered questions and mingled with the attendees. He was heard to express surprise at the number of new, young fans who had come to meet him, adding that it was a testament to the appeal and longevity of *Doctor Who*. Tom also took time to cut the DWAS birthday cake and wish them well for their next 20 years.

The **DWM** team spent the day meeting and chatting to readers, and answering questions on everything from the future of *Doctor Who* to our choice of front cover photos – we'd like to thank everyone who came up and said so many nice things!

Photos © Robin Prichard

**Left, top to bottom:**
Tom Baker: "Happy birthday, DWAS!"; Nicholas Courtney and Tom Baker reunited; the Cyber-battle in the woods.
**Above right:**
The **DWM** team – Paul, Gary and Scott: "Have you considered subscribing?"

# *Doctor Who* pioneer dies

***Doctor Who* director Rex Tucker died peacefully in late August. He was 83.**

In April 1963 Tucker, already a successful script-writer and producer for the BBC Children's Department was asked by Drama Department head Sydney Newman to act as caretaker producer on the early development of a planned new fantasy adventure serial, which was to become *Doctor Who*. Tucker oversaw some of the initial discussions on the show's format and early casting sessions for some of the regular cast before handing over control, after just under three months on the project, to producer Verity Lambert and associate producer Mervyn Pinfield. Originally pencilled-in to direct both the abandoned Anthony Coburn story *The Robots* (later *The Masters of Luxor*) and Terry Nation's first Dalek serial, Tucker eventually received his first and only directing credit on *Doctor Wh*o for the tongue-in-cheek 1966 adventure *The Gunfighters*. As one of the few surviving members of the team responsible for devising *Doctor Who*, the loss of Rex Tucker is a particular tragedy.

## Jon Pertwee remembered

A special memorial service was held for the late Jon Pertwee at St Paul's Church in Covent Garden, London on 1st August.

A number of entertaining tributes were read (or rather *performed)* to a packed church by a talented group of Jon's friends and show-business colleagues; including his cousin Bill Pertwee, comic actor Lance Percival, agent Kenneth Earle, close friend Stuart Money and actress June Whitfield. June sang a witty tribute composed by the team of the radio comedy series *The News Huddlines*. Nicholas Courtney spoke fondly of his and Jon's time together on *Doctor Who*.

The upbeat and celebratory service was conducted by Reverend Roger Royle, and opened and closed with a selection of Jon's favourite music. Attendees included many faces familiar to *Doctor Who* fans; including John Nathan-Turner, Sophie Aldred, Nicola Bryant, Fernanda Marlowe and Peter Miles. The **DWM** team passed on messages of support and condolence from readers to Jon's family.

## The Fanzine Trap

Are you the editor of a *Doctor Who* fanzine? If so, please send in a copy of your most recent issue to the **DWM** office so we can revive our regular fanzine review column. We've got lots of new readers hungry for your product, so abuse our goodwill now!

## Fan club update

Here are the details of a couple of UK local groups missing from our recent guide . . .

*The Edinburgh Doctor Who Local Group* has lively and informal meetings every week in the Scottish capital. For more details, contact the organiser, Amanda Murray, at 5 Briery Bauks, The Pleasance, Edinburgh EH8 9TE. The group is not affiliated to the DWAS.

Now 10 years old, *The Wolves of Fenric* has meetings in a variety of Midlands towns. Write to Roger Clark, 161 Dangerfield Close, Wednesbury, Staffs WS10 7RU.

## Dapol weekend II

The organisers of the Llagollen *Doctor Who* exhibition are organising a second *Weekend with the Doctor* on 1st-3rd October (see *Gallifrey Guardian*, **DWM** 240), featuring both a Doctor and a companion special guest. Contact 01978 860548 for more details.

## Own your own Cyberman!

Sevans Models, who first began producing a range of *Doctor Who* model kits back in 1983, has announced it is launching a range of full-size reproduction *Doctor Who* props and costumes.

The first into production are an *Earthshock*-style Cyberman helmet, chest unit and gun, which should be available by mail order by the end of October. Each will bear a BBC-approved stainless steel plaque of authentication and will be cast in hardwearing material and come ready-painted. If demand is sufficiently high, Sevans may also produce the accompanying body suit. For further details contact Sevans Models, PO Box 34, Trowbridge, Wiltshire BA14 8XY.

Sevans has also kindly offered us a fully assembled and painted Cyber-head to give away in a competition. To stand a chance of winning, simply tell us the name of the planet of gold in *Revenge of the Cybermen*.

Send your answer on a postcard to: **I KNOW THAT OBJECT!** at the editorial address on page three. As a bonus, three runners-up will receive a 16-inch Sevans Cyberman model kit.

# *J'adore* The Cybermen

**Alan Barnes** argues that the Cybermen are by far the most credible and terrifying alien race ever to feature in *Doctor Who* . . .

**Below:** Lytton (Maurice Colbourne) undergoes the horror of Cyber-conversion in *Attack of the Cybermen*, as the Sixth Doctor (Colin Baker) watches helplessly. Photo © BBC

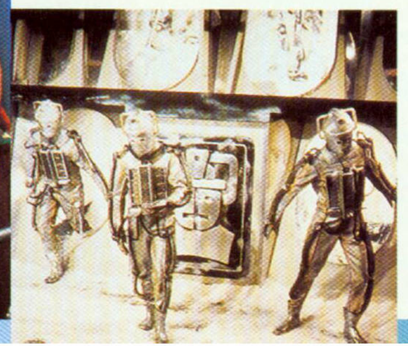
**Below right:** The cyborgs reawaken in *The Tomb of the Cybermen*. Photo © BBC Video

The Cybermen are coming to get you. Scared? You should be . . .

*The Moonbase*, Episode 2: the Doctor and friends are trapped on a lunar base which has fallen victim to a 'space plague' concocted by the Cybermen. Having routed "every nook and cranny" for evidence of Cyber-infiltration, our heroes are pooling their resources in the sick-bay when the Doctor asks, "Did your men search in here?" "No," comes the reply – but there's nowhere in the room for them to hide. Unless . . . The Doctor crosses to a row of beds where victims of the plague are covered by sheets, and finds huge, silver-clad feet sticking out from one. "Back, back, get away!" warns the Doctor. Companion Polly screams as the bed's occupant whips the sheet away and sits up, levelling a gun at the group. It is, of course, a Cyberman. They're already here!

*The Tomb of the Cybermen*, Episode 2: a disparate group of humans huddle together in the cold as the giants surround them. The giants' Controller, a blank-faced silver titan, steps forward to address them. Starkly, in a strangled reverberating croak devoid of all inflection, it intones: "You shall be like us." It's not a threat, nor a warning: it's a *fact*.

*The Invasion*, Episode Six: early morning, London; a strange metallic thrumming fills the air. About the city, people collapse. Manhole covers fly up in the air, punched open by the giants. They're on the march, and there's nowhere you can hide . . .

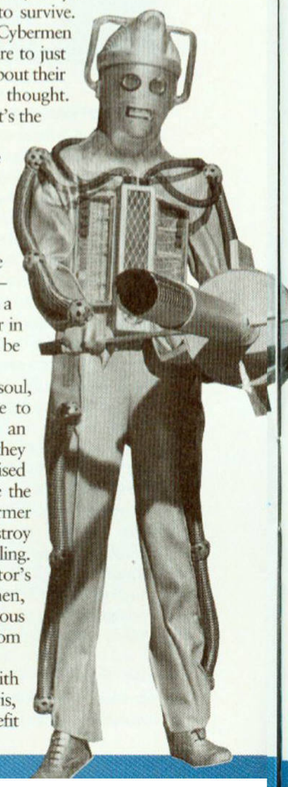


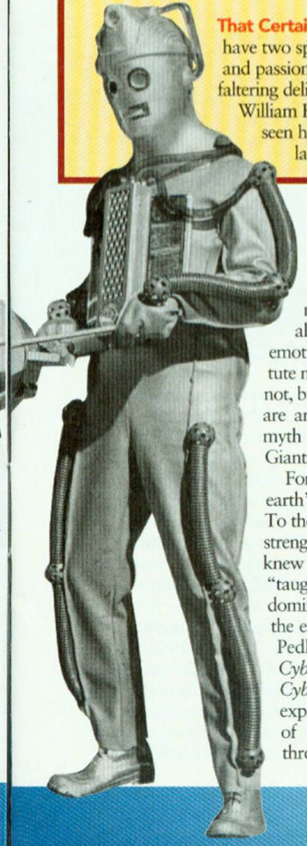
The Cybermen are perhaps the most iconic of *Doctor Who*'s many monsters; they mean many things. In their debut, *The Tenth Planet*, we learn that they are humanity's long-lost cousins – the prodigal sons of our sister planet Mondas, returning to leech energy and materials from mankind. In *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, we discover the quasi-Egyptian remnants of their long-lost civilization buried deep beneath an adopted world, Telos, awaiting revival. In *Silver Nemesis*, via De Flores's Wagnerian pretensions, we are invited to compare them to Nietzsche's *Ubermenschen* ("I teach you the superman. Man is something to be surpassed" – *Also Sprach Zarathustra*). Unlike, say, the Daleks, it's wrong to view the Cybermen as simply an all-conquering force for evil; they run far deeper than that. Almost without exception, they're presented with one simple, clear objective: to survive. Survival may indeed entail conquest, but the Cybermen are (or should be) motivated solely by a desire to just *be*, to go on, to further themselves. They set about their own continuation remorselessly, without thought. They don't care about anything else. And that's the really scary part.

Their objective, however, can only be achieved via grisly means; to humans, their plans have a very particular consequence. To survive, they *need* us; they need to *change* us. The Cybermen seek to convert people, not kill them – the horror being that all those things that make our lives worth living – smelling a flower, watching a sunset, eating a well-prepared meal, to paraphrase the Doctor in *Earthshock* – are deemed irrelevant, to be burned out and discarded.

The Cybermen are humanity without a soul, without conscience; it is perhaps inaccurate to think of them as things of an unrestrained future – rather, they are a memory of an uncivilised past. In many ways, they are the bestial shadow of our former selves; they consume and destroy with no heart, no sense, no feeling. If the Master is the Doctor's nemesis, then the Cybermen, surely, are our own villainous twins. We're one step away from becoming the same.

Creator Kit Pedler – with some help from Gerry Davis, perhaps, to give him the benefit of the doubt – extrapolated the Cybermen from the burgeoning sixties science of spare-part surgery; they are derived from apocalyptic fears of replacement, a sort of live body-snatching. We've always associated the heart with love, with emotion; does a plastic heart, therefore, substitute more than just an organic pump? Probably not, but that's just a sci-fi premise; the Cybermen are archetypes, with ancestors rooted deep in myth and legend. They are *Doctor Who*'s Giants.





For the Greeks, the Giants were "sons of the earth" and represented "strength and virility". To the Irish, they were fallen gods, with "divine strength contained in human bodies and they knew neither good nor evil"; in the Bible, they "taught man harmony with nature, which they dominated" (here, too, they are associated with the earth, and usually live underground, as do Pedler's creatures in *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, *The Invasion*, and *Attack of the Cybermen*). *The Tomb of the Cybermen* explicitly portrays the Cybermen as creatures of myth, suggesting their ancient menace through hieroglyphs and bas-reliefs (note also that George Pastell plays Klieg, the true believer who unleashes the beasts – his casting is clearly intended to establish a link to Egyptologist Mehemet Bey, the remarkably similar character he'd played in the 1959 Hammer film *The Mummy*). Classicism, too, reveals some of their meaning: the term 'cybernetics' – meaning "the comparative study of automatic communication and control in functions of living bodies and in mechanical electronic systems" – was coined by the 1940s mathematician Norbert Wiener after the Greek *kybernetes*, 'steersman'. 'Mondas', meanwhile, appears to be rooted in the Latin *mundus*, meaning 'world'; 'Telos' is from both *Tellus*, the Roman earth-goddess, and the Greek *telos*, meaning an aim, a purpose or, most revealingly, an ultimate end.

Steersmen of the world; an ultimate end. The Cybermen aren't *Doctor Who*'s most terrifying monsters simply because they have the strength of 10 men, nor because they have featureless faces with a Pierrot clown's teardrop in the corner of one eye (a post-*Wheel In Space* representation of their forgotten emotions, perhaps); nor are they scary merely because of their contaminant Cybermats, pop-whizz Cyberguns, or the sinister whistle of their lethal Cyber-karate chops (and how I wanted to see that after reading the novelisation of *The Moonbase*). They are seriously disturbing, of course – the 'body horror' scenes in *Attack of the Cybermen* where Lytton is shown in mid-conversion; plugged-in, burned-out, shorn and gutted, rank as among the most discomforting in the history of the series – but that's not all. They're not scary just because of *Space Adventure*, their wonderfully evocative, wonderfully naive sixties theme – although all these reasons, and more, apply. They're not scary just because they want to change us; they're scary because they *are* us. They're our logical future; they're what we must become if we are to survive. We *shall* be like them.

The Cybermen are coming to get you. If you have fear, they will eliminate fear from your brain. Be very, very afraid. ►

## The best Cyberman scene ever

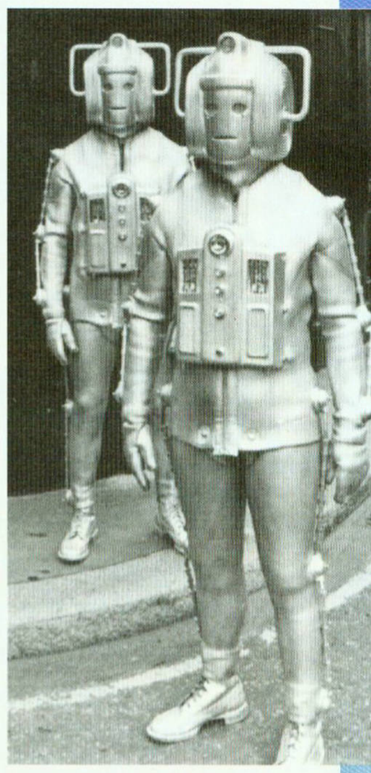
### "That is one of the weaknesses that we have removed . . ."

*The Tenth Planet* Episode 2 (1966)

**The Story So Far** An advance party of bionically-enhanced Cybermen have assumed control of a Space Tracking Station at the South Pole; their home planet, Mondas, hurtles towards Earth, hungry to drain its sister planet's power. In the station's control room, the First Doctor (William Hartnell) and companion Polly (Anneke Wills) listen as the emotionless Cyberman Krail (Reg Whitehead/voiced by Roy Skelton) outlines its plans for both them and the station's complement. "You must come and live with us," it announces . . .

**The Magic Moment** "But we cannot live with you," says Polly, "You – you're different. You've got no feelings." "'Feelings'? I do not understand that word," states Krail. "Emotions," says the Doctor. "Love, pride, hate, fear. Have you no emotions, sir? Hmm?" "Come to Mondas," asserts Krail, "and you will have no need of emotions. You will become like us . . . We have freedom from disease, protection against heat and cold. True mastery. Do you prefer to die in misery?" "Then you don't mind if we all die?" explodes Polly. "Why should we mind?" queries Krail. The Doctor steps forward, shaking with fury: "Why? Why?" "Because millions and millions of people are going to suffer and die, horribly," urges Polly. "We shall not be affected," says Krail. "We are equipped to survive. We are only interested in survival. Anything else is of no importance. Your deaths will not affect us." "You're condemning us all to die!" rages Polly. "Have you no heart?" she demands. Krail looks at her blankly, incomprehending: "No. That is one of the weaknesses that we have removed."

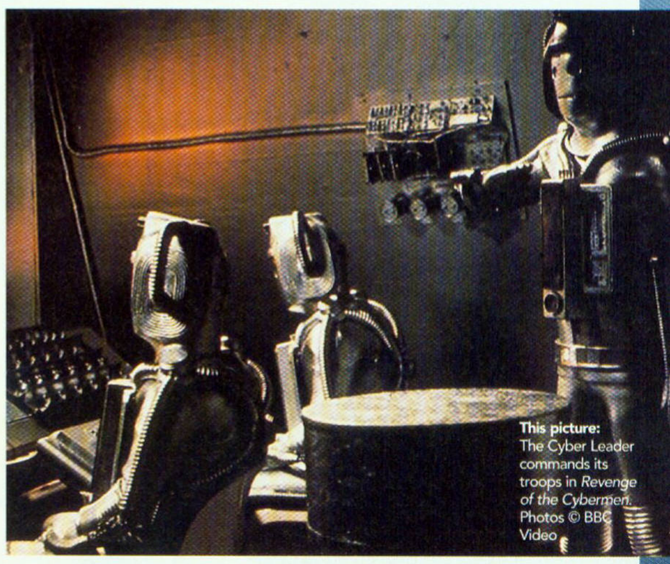
**That Certain Something** Rarely in *Doctor Who* have two species seemed so different; Polly's panic and passion pitted against Krail's flat, almost faltering delivery (and utter humourlessness). William Hartnell gets angrier than we've ever seen him before, too; giving him perhaps his last great scene.



**Opposite page, left:** The Fourth Doctor (Tom Baker) matches wits with the Cybermen in *Revenge of the Cybermen*.

**Above:** The silver warriors at large in London in *The Invasion*.

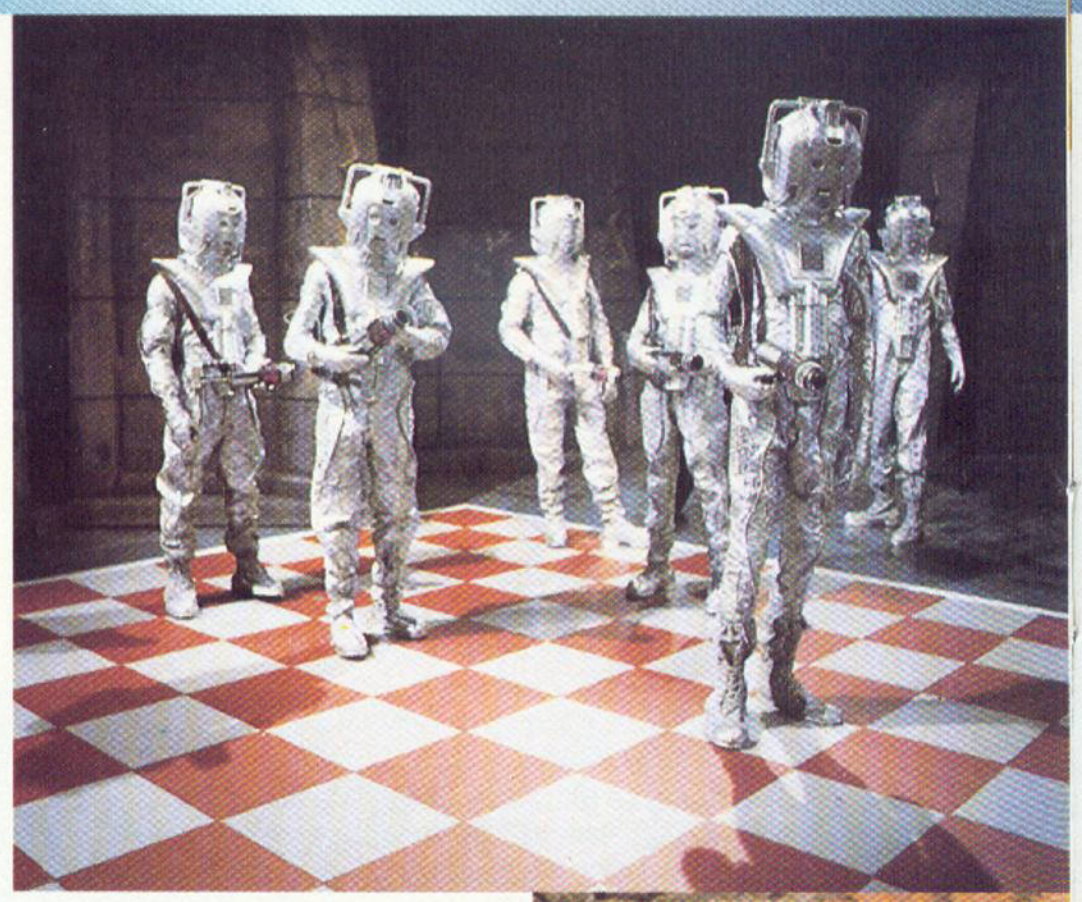
**Left:** Two Cybermen prepare to attack *The Moonbase*.



**This picture:** The Cyber Leader commands its troops in *Revenge of the Cybermen*. Photos © BBC Video

# J'accuse

# The Cybermen



**Sam Arthur** dares to suggest that the Cybermen are by far the silliest and most disappointing alien race ever to feature in *Doctor Who*.

**Right, top to bottom:** *The Five Doctors*: "What do we do now?"; The Cybermats; *The Invasion*: "Look at the size of that bird!"

**Below:** Kaftan's shoulder pads break through . . .

Now, I hate to rock the boat, but I've got a real problem with the Cybermen. We all know how they're ghastly cyborgs, humanity's long-lost cousins, an implacable, emotionless, remorseless foe, *Doctor Who*'s best, or at the very least second-best, villains ever and so on and so forth. But, you see, I've got a problem with their choice of footwear.

Silver wellies.

Dear oh dear oh dear. I find it hard enough to take anyone who's wearing silver wellies seriously; from *The Invasion* thereafter, I'm supposed to believe that this fearsome race of cybernetic terrors stomp around the universe in lace-up boots. Do they tie them up with a bow? Big rubber-clad jessies that they are.

And while I'm making flip remarks, there's their infamous allergy to gold, too. Very convincing, I'm sure. We can add that to the very long list of conveniently concocted weaknesses to exploit: Cybermen are, variously, susceptible to their own guns, radiation, and power-loss (*The Tenth Planet*), nail-varnish remover and negative gravitational pull (*The Moonbase*), freezing (presumably) (*The Tomb of the Cybermen*), a plastic spray (*The Wheel in Space*), electronically-induced emotions and bazookas (*The Invasion*), gold dust (*Revenge of the Cybermen*), their own guns again (*Earthshock*), spears and some form of electric charge (*The Five Doctors*), well-aimed bullets and metal bars, the cold, and the fact that they always answer their own distress signals (*Attack of the Cybermen*). By the time of *Silver Nemesis*, fire, arrows and catapults (gold-laden, of course) will finish them off. And they call emotion a weakness? Oh, please; isn't it about time we knocked the myth of the Cybermen's supposed invulnerability well and truly on the head?

These things, of course, are irrelevant. I've nothing against continuity clashes; the Dalek chronology is similarly irreconcilable, riddled with multiple inconsistencies. But the Daleks are constant, eternally bubbling blobs of armoured hate; they're always malign, devious and scheming. The Cybermen are not; they appear to have no steady ambition, and a list of ever-changing priorities. Invasion one minute, survival the next; power on Monday, slaves for Cyber-conversion on Tuesday, the secret of time-travel on Wednesday – and devising ludicrously complicated plots to blow up peace conferences all weekend. Not terribly logical, is it? The reason is simple: the Cybermen are not one race. They're a generic Rent-a-Monster, a convenient and very dull robotic foe for the Doctor to face so as not to overuse the Daleks. They'll forever be somewhere near the top of Division Two in the pantheon of *Doctor Who* villains; there are only three stories, it strikes me, which are germanely about them (*The Tenth Planet*, *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, and – bizarrely – *Attack of the Cybermen*) – three stories where one couldn't easily replace them with the Daleks, Sontarans or Ice Warriors. As it is, the Cybermen should be these baddies' henchmen! (Compare and contrast them with the Daleks' Robomen and try to spot any differences; answers on a postcard to the editorial address.)

They're the stuff of bad B-movies, too, every bit as unimaginatively realised as the robot in *Devil Girl From Mars* or anything cobbled together by Ed Wood. Repetitive jokes in the popular press about tinfoil monsters aren't cracks at the series, but the Cybermen; silly robots with silly voices. "But the Cybermen aren't robots!" I hear you cry loudly as one. Yes, of course they are. Forget this guff about spare-part surgery gone mad; they're robots.

## "Promises to aliens have no validity."

So claims the Cyber Leader in *The Five Doctors*. It doesn't, however, stop every two-bit, loony megalomaniac in the galaxy from laying their stake to a piece of the Cyber-action. "Mad – or what?" asks the Monitor, rhetorically.

| | Description | Fruitcake factor | But you can't deal with the Cybermen, you fool! | Winds up |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Eric Klieg** *The Tomb of the Cybermen* (1967) | Aided and abetted by Kaftan, the Lady Macbeth to his Thane, this pop-eyed logician intends to release the Cybermen from their Telos tomb and use their power to conquer the Earth. "Everything yields to logic," apparently. It'll all end in tears . . . | Claims not to be a lunatic (which is, of course, a dead giveaway). "I'm invulnerable . . . I shall be master. The supreme moment of my life . . . it was logical." Mad as a snake, clearly. | "Our race is also logical," claims the Cybercontroller. "You will be the leader of the new race . . . but first you will be altered." "You have broken your promise!" wails Kaftan. "Cybermen do not promise. Such ideas have no value," rejoins the giant. Carumba! | Dead. |
| **Tobias Vaughn** *The Invasion* (1968) | Fully-automated business leader with a personal army of black-shirts (and peculiar eyebrows). Calls "uniformity and duplication" the secret of his success: "My whole empire is based on that principle." Likes piped muzak, uses the royal 'we' – "you really are beginning to try our patience" – and has entered into a "partnership" with a certain company of cyborgs . . . | "You think I'm mad? That all I want is power for its own sake? No, I have to have power! The world is a mess of uncoordinated and impossible ideals. It needs a strong man, a single mind, a leader!" Mr Vaughn, the men in white coats will see you now . . . | Vaughn: "No! This is not as we agreed. We agreed that I should remain in control of Earth. In return, I supply the minerals you require. You will honour that bargain, otherwise there will be no invasion!" Cybermen: "To control, you must undergo complete conversion and become one of us . . . discussion concluded." Rats! | Dead. *Quelle surprise.* |
| **Herr De Flores** *Silver Nemesis* (1988) | South American emigre Nazi who plans to establish a Fourth Reich. Seeks the "power of life and death, not only of this Earth, but every planet in existence." Shoots parrots with crossbows. Not very nice. | Goes a bundle on Wagner's day-long operas; how's that for deranged? Strikes a bargain with the Cybermen: "We are the Supermen. You are the Giants. Together we shall fulfil [the Fuhrer's] vision . . ." | "We will divide the planet between your slave groups and ours," promises the Cyber Leader – evidently with its fingers crossed behind its back . . . | Dead. Will they never learn? |

THE MONITOR

They're presented as robots, they look like robots, they sound like robots. The only thing which might differentiate them from robots is, ahem, their emotionality; their sheer *stupidity*.

From donning parkas – parkas! – and posing with one foot raised in *The Tenth Planet*, to *Revenge of the Cybermen*'s strutting, hands-on-hips Cyber Leader, to the fist-raised "Excellent!" of the eighties version, the Cybermen have hardly, if ever, been devoid of emotional response to their surroundings. In **DWM** 189, Philip MacDonald attempts to explain away these distinct, and nonsensical, characteristics as "the things [each Cyberman] inherited from his human host . . . the redundant vestiges of their humanity." Methinks sloppy scripting and bad acting might actually be to blame, but that's just my heretical opinion.

The overall paucity of the Cybermen's conceptual background is best illustrated by three trends: the first being that Cyber-history persistently repeats itself. Both *The Moonbase* and *The Wheel in Space* – wherein the international crew of a remote Earth outpost find themselves under attack by the creatures – blatantly reprise *The Tenth Planet*; *Attack of the Cybermen* – wherein a mercenary plays the Cybermen off against a second alien race who seek to destroy our favourite tin men – is an only-the-names-have-been-changed rerun of *Revenge of the Cybermen* (via both *Tomb of the Cybemen* and *The Invasion*). *Earthshock*, meanwhile, appears to be the televisual equivalent of a remixed greatest hits compilation CD.

Secondly, the Cybermen are bound so tightly by the perceived need to maintain an illusion of logicality and emotionlessness that they're utterly unable to articulate themselves beyond the most repetitively bland dialogue (besides, too much of that sixties sub-Robbie the Robot drivel, frankly, makes one's ears sing – if, that is, you're able to work out what they're supposed to be saying at all). Thus we are treated instead to an array of intermediary (human) villains who – yawn! – seek to harness the Cybermen's power for themselves; from crazy-eyed megalomaniac loony-tunes (Klieg and Kaftan, Tobias Vaughn *et al*), to straightforward traitors (Kellman, Ringway).

Finally – and worst of all – the presumed implacable nature of the Cybermen results in a plethora of story-lines in which the Doctor – our hero, remember? – gets next-to-nothing to do before military forces (UNIT, Lieutenant Scott and company, the Cryons) come to sort out the Cybermen with – ho-hum – guns and bombs. This isn't what *Doctor Who* is all about; this is beefy macho sci-fi nonsense with beefy macho sci-fi nonsense monsters. It's hugely chastening to realise that it isn't until the Americans rip off the Cybermen wholesale – as seen in the otherwise woeful *Star Trek: The Next Generation* – that one gets to see the blighters given a half-way decent treatment. The Borg are everything that the Cybermen could have and *should* have been; remorseless, terrifying, and wholly grim.

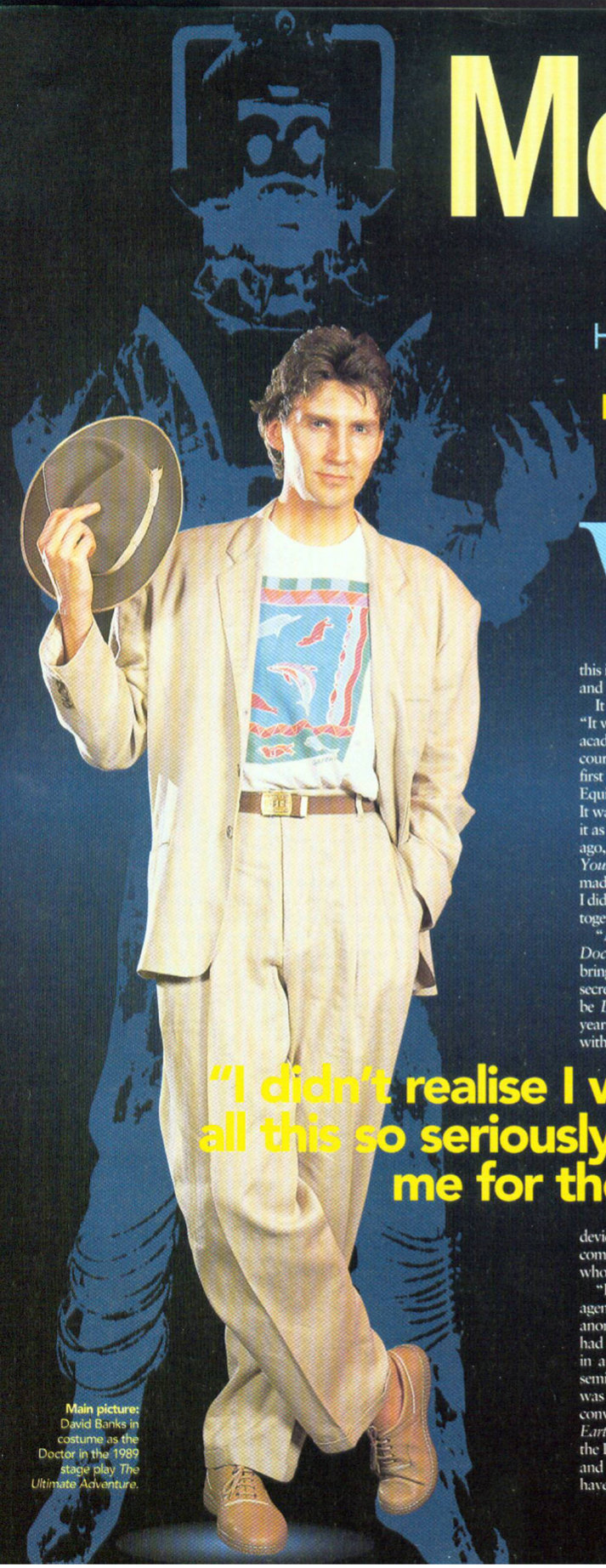
But instead we've got the Cybermen: silly robots in silly flying saucers, with silly weapons and silly powers (a Mr Spockish nerve pinch in *The Tenth Planet* – oh yes!; a ridiculous electronic burbling – why? – in *Tomb of the Cybermen*; a 'hypno-ray' or somesuch in *The Wheel In Space*; and the Cybermats . . .)

Oh, and about those ridiculous jug-handles . . . ◆

**Left:** "I don't *believe* I've dropped it *again* . . ."

**Below:** Channel 5 proves elusive to the Cyber-tuner.

# Moon boots & linen suits



Main picture: David Banks in costume as the Doctor in the 1989 stage play *The Ultimate Adventure*.

**Having appeared in the four most recent Cybermen stories, David Banks has staked his claim as the one-and-only Cyber Leader. Peter Griffiths investigates . . .**

With his trademark clenched fist and frequent proclamations of 'Excellent!', David Banks' Cyber Leader is one of *Doctor Who*'s classic recurring villains. The man beneath the silver mask is an amiable and eloquent interview subject who admits with a grin that he is obsessed with the Cybermen. Over the last 15 years, this interest had led him, probably more than anyone else, to cherish and build on the Cyber legend.

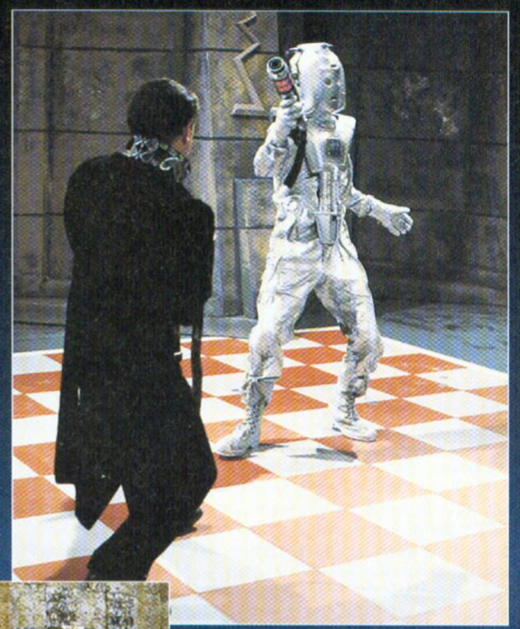
It all started in the drama department of Manchester University. "It was an English course with emphasis on theatre work – a mix of academic and practical learning. From there I did a post-graduate course at the Bristol Old Vic school and launched into acting. My first job was a year at Manchester Library theatre, where I got my Equity card, and my first role was playing a doctor in *Live Like Pigs*. It was meant to be a woman, but for some reason I was cast to play it as a male Indian doctor, so I was blacked up. That's just 20 years ago, but you couldn't attempt it now! I then went into *Lock Up Your Daughters*, with an awful costume that one of the reviews said made me look like a hairdresser in a jumpsuit! It was very seventies. I did pantomime with Alan Rickman, and we later did a two-hander together.

"After several more rep jobs, I saw an ad for the 1981 series of *Doctor Who* in the professional casting report which said they were bringing the Cybermen back. This was meant to be a very well-kept secret, but the secret intelligence evidently assumed actors couldn't be *Doctor Who* fans! The Cyber Leader had been played seven years before in *Revenge of the Cybermen* by Christopher Robbie, with his mid-Atlantic accent: 'cyber bums – the most exploseve devicis in the unevurse!' They wanted a new Cyber Leader who was comfortable with dialogue, and they were also looking for people who were over six-foot-three, a requirement which I fitted.

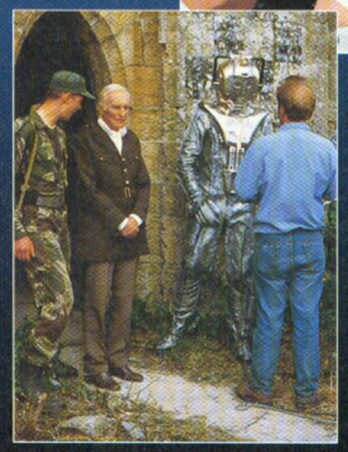
**"I didn't realise I was going to take all this so seriously and let it obsess me for the next 10 years!"**

"I thought reading for this part was quite a good idea, but my agent wasn't so keen on it. I argued that behind a mask you had anonymity, and it would be good fun to be in *Doctor Who*. I also had an inkling it could become a recurring part. I was very interested in artificial intelligence at that time, having just read one of the seminal works on the subject. The idea of portraying someone who was part human and part mechanical intrigued me, so I tried to convey that in my audition with Peter Grimwade, the director of *Earthshock*. We read the exchange between the Cyber Leader and the Doctor about what it's like to smell a flower and enjoy a meal – and of course the other human enjoyments that the Cybermen don't have access to anymore!

"I think those lines really got under the skin of the Cybermen, and enabled me in rehearsal to suggest that there was a kind of folk memory through which the Cybermen were aware of what they had lost. That is the core of the 'Cyborg syndrome'. At the time, of course, I didn't realise I was going to take all this so seriously and let it obsess me for the next 10 years! It says a lot for the strength of the idea that the prefix "Cyber" has suffused our culture in a way that Gerry Davis and Kit Pedler, who created the Cybermen, could not have imagined. Films like *Total Recall* and *Universal Soldier* have dealt with it a little bit – the idea of relocating our humanity. What happens if we take away our 'soul'? Is this something we need to regard as monstrous? That's why we're frightened of the Cybermen, and why they work as a *Doctor Who* creature. They are there to terrify the living daylights out of us, and they do that through their implacability and their strength. Their intent is one that we see as evil, but to them it's survival, and they don't see why we should object to that." They want to convert us rather than destroy us? "Yes! That's the logic behind cost-effectiveness. The Cybermen aren't robots – you can't build them out of inorganic material – so the humanoid resource is extremely precious, and fuels the Cybermen's desire to conquer the galaxy."



David's first encounter with *Doctor Who* recording was a set visit to *Black Orchid*, the story preceding *Earthshock*. "It was all very new to me. I was so excited at being involved in this British institution which I'd loved as a kid. I wasn't an out-and-out fan, but then I don't think there were such things in my generation. I was also thrilled to be part of a new Cybermen design. Richard Gregory and Dinah Collin, the effects and costume designers, took their work very seriously. Although there were certain parameters within which they had to work, they were determined to get it right. They went for a technical solution which, as always, was a compromise between budget and imagination."



Having clambered into the costume four times, not including numerous appearances in skits and game shows, David is well qualified to pass judgment on it. "I don't think the costume was designed with actors in mind, really. It was influenced by all the new things which had come along, and designed to be a basic work suit sewn to fit the shape of the actors – Mark Hardy, who played my lieutenant, and myself. The panel on the back of the helmet was screwed into place, and that was the point where you began to feel extremely trapped and claustrophobic. The first time I was in it, I thought, 'I can't do this, I won't be able to act.' You had to get the attention of one of the stage hands to bring a screwdriver and get you out of this thing if you wanted to scratch your nose. More heed was paid to the actors' needs later on. Also, the other actors couldn't always hear what we were saying, so we overcame that by having speakers which fed your lines back into the studio. It worked fairly well, but there are times in those five-to-ten frantic scenes that you can hear a kind of echo."

One of the costume's innovations was a transparent jaw, revealing the actor's mouth moving inside the helmet. David's suddenly became opaque during filming. "In one scene we were perilously close to the ten o'clock deadline, and Peter Grimwade was getting frantic. It got very hot under the studio lights, and as we squelched about in our tight-fitting rubber suits and moon boots, the strapping which held the radio mics in place inside our helmets would start to slip and come into view. On one take my microphone became visible, and as Peter didn't have the time to stop and unscrew me, he asked one of the make-up people to spray my glass jaw. Being on the inside of this was horrible, as you can imagine! I almost suffocated, but it had to be done to get the scene finished. That's how Cyber evolution takes place!"

*Earthshock* was a major success when screened in 1982. "I think part of it was the shock value of the cliffhanger to the first episode, and it was such a good ripping yarn. It had pace – almost twice as many scenes as normal – and a lot of good hardware and models. John Nathan-Turner, the producer, told me that it cost only £25,000 per episode. That was very little for an episode of drama, and he was very pleased to be able to produce such a thing on that money. I think it's retained its aura as one of the better *Doctor Whos* as well. It certainly holds up better than *Tomb of the Cybermen*! I got very used to listening to the *Tomb* audiotape when I was writing my *Cybermen* book, as that's all that existed then, and the images were very potent in my head. It was faintly ridiculous when I finally saw it. 'Fif-ty pounds to any man who can open the doors!' says Kaftan. I see John Major's fight against inflation was won!"

The apparent emotional responses of the Cyber Leader in *Earthshock* has been a source of some debate. David believes the emoting started with *Revenge of the Cybermen*. "Anyone who shouts about the power of his 'cyberbum' should be accused of emotion! It's a requirement of the programme to excite and frighten, and it's very difficult for totally cold, impassionate creatures to instil that kind of fear. You have to fall back on melodrama in some ways. When the Cyber Leader says, 'Destroy them!' in his first appearance, there's almost an anger there, which is something

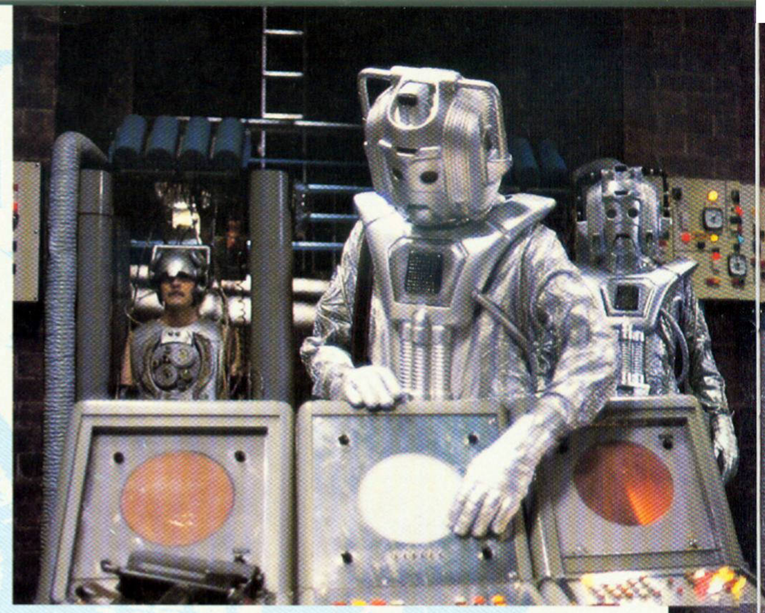
**Above:** Check, Mate! The Master (Anthony Ainley) deals with the Cyber Leader (David Banks) in *The Five Doctors*.

**Left:** Karl (Metin Yenal) and De Flores (Anton Diffring) on location with the Cyber Leader for *Silver Nemesis*. Photos © BBC

**Right:** The Cyber Leader (David Banks) oversees the *Attack of the Cybermen*.

**Far right:** The Cybermen on the warpath in *Silver Nemesis*. Photos © BBC Video

**Below:** Brian Orrell, Mark Hardy and David Banks on location for *Silver Nemesis*.



I debated with Peter Grimwade. I didn't think it needed to be quite as melodramatic as it was, but I think in the end the director was probably right. You needed the drama to end the episode."

David recalls that even with most of the season completed, Peter Davison was still excited about being in *Doctor Who*. "I think he's got annoyed recently by the constant attention. His career has included so many other things now that the continual questioning is a real irritation to him. I can understand that. In his performance, he made a genuine attempt to follow on from the other Doctors. I discovered through talking to him that some of his hand movements were modelled very much on Patrick Troughton's. When he got the role he watched quite a few different videos, and I know he saw *The Tenth Planet* in preparation for *Earthshock* – we chatted about the difference between Cybermen then and now. In terms of viewers, Peter may have been the most popular Doctor after Tom Baker, and I think the work he did on the series stands the test of time. Although Colin was wonderful and friendly, his time was marred by Michael Grade and the postponement."

Just 15 months after *Earthshock*, David was asked to reprise his role in the twentieth anniversary special *The Five Doctors*. "Oh, it was wonderful. The fact that anyone who had been involved in a significant way in *Doctor Who* was there was lovely. You can meet people at conventions, but working with them is different. Patrick Troughton was always my favourite Doctor, and I thought he was the best actor of all as well. It was so nice to be holed up in Wales for two weeks in a cosy pub with him and the other actors and the production team. I have very fond memories of it. JN-T was involved as second unit director, something he really loved, and the episode looked good because so much of it was shot on film.

"I realised early on that the Cybermen were there just to be generic monsters. It was a very complex task for Terrance Dicks to write something that involved everyone, and I think he did a great job. I don't think that he understands the Cybermen, though. He admitted to me that he was more of a Dalek man than a Cyberman! I worked with him later on *The Ultimate Adventure* stage show, and he was very polite and accommodating, taking some of my points on board. It's quite clear in *The Five Doctors* script that there are three different Cyber Leaders, so I tried to change the tone of my voice to differentiate between them. The director, Peter Moffatt, tried to work it so that I got three separate fees, but it didn't happen!"

The weather was not particularly inviting, but the Cybermen's hopes of coming prepared were dashed. "It's quite funny really, because having worn these hot moon boots in *Earthshock*, we were looking forward to going on location in them. When we got out on location, the boots we were given were actually over-boots, but with nothing to go inside. We had big lace holes and the water came right in, so the BBC costume department cleverly improvised and gave us some costume bags to strap on our feet inside the boots. Again, we were at the cutting edge of Cyber technology! The boots were so evidently laced up that it did prompt me to speculate on the Cyber Leader getting up every morning and doing up his laces!"

The infamous Cyber-massacre in this story has been claimed by some to mark the beginning of the Cybermen's slide from invulnerability. "Yes, they were purely cannon fodder. There was no development. Certainly with *Revenge of the Cybermen*'s introduction of gold, and the fact that they were so slow-moving, they didn't appear as invulnerable as they once were. It's a script get-out. It would be wonderful if they could run as fast as you, and be effortless about it too. Mind you, my favourite death scene has to be in *The Five Doctors* – death by vomiting!"

## "From a past life, the Cyber Leader can just about remember what his girlfriend wore . . ."

Another year and another Cyber story: Season Twenty-Two's *Attack of the Cybermen*. "As in the late sixties, the Cybermen were starting to edge out the Daleks in popularity at this time. *Attack* was really scripted by Eric Saward, although the credit was given to his partner, Paula Moore. He wanted to bring the two strands of Cybermen – Telos and Mondas – together on a serious level, as I later tried to do in my Cyberbook chronology. But the story was confused. A lot was sacrificed to pure pyrotechnics – the final shootout, for instance. There were various things that got in the way, particularly the change in structure from four episodes to two, and it was overwritten and then cut down, losing some of the detail. The design of Telos didn't hark back to the original, and it was rather foursquare – they were modelled on the kind of production offices you get in BBC Shepherds Bush, I think!

"We also had the re-introduction of the Cybercontroller, which I was asked if I'd like to play. Matthew Robinson, the director, was very good about it. He realised I'd played the Cyber Leader twice before, so he rang up about three months before production and talked over the needs of the actors playing the Cybermen – what kind of rehearsal would be required, that sort of thing. He said, 'By the way, if you want to play the Cybercontroller, you can,' but I thought I'd remain loyal to the Cyber-Leader. Matthew wanted the Cybermen to be quite frightening and well-regimented, so Brian Orrell, who played my Cyberlieutenant, had to walk around rehearsals with a brown paper bag over his head to simulate the helmet. Matthew even got me to oversee the Cyber walk and all that. One of the other Cybermen was played by John Ainley, who I believe was a relative of Anthony Ainley, who played the Master. John had very long hair and a beard, which I'm sure shows quite plainly on screen! He also had a very strange inflection – 'StrattonandBates-havebeen-lo-cated!'"

But the story did have its plus points. "The dialogue with Brian Glover's character, Griffiths, was excellent, and it's a pity there wasn't more scope for that. Brian is a friend now, and he's kind of forgotten about *Doctor Who* in his multi-faceted career, but his delivery of those lines went a long way towards establishing something quirky about the relationship between the humans and Cybermen. It was interesting working with Maurice Colbourne as well. He died very shortly afterwards, and on the television obituary, they showed his confrontation with the Cyber Leader. And why not?"

David didn't find it at all incongruous that the Cyber Leader was concerned that Peri wear warmer clothes on Telos. "From a past life, the Cyber Leader can just about remember what his girlfriend wore . . . The scene in which the Cyberman stays and watches was cut, of course, but I believe the BBC are looking into an extended edit showing Peri being helped to change!"

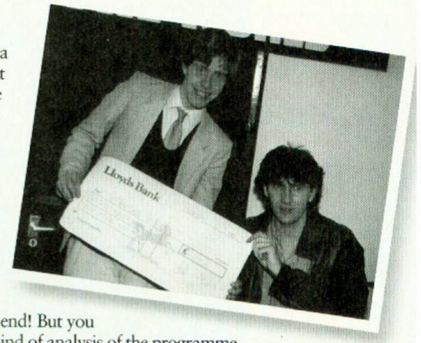
Shortly after, David was considered to play Jondar in *Vengeance on Varos*, a role which eventually went to Jason Connery. He returned to don his familiar helmet and cricket gloves four years later in *Silver Nemesis*. The Cybermen were a natural choice to bring back for *Doctor Who*'s silver anniversary. "We filmed in the middle of July, and as the helmet and chest unit had been soldered, the suit was like a pressure cooker inside. We took the costumes off whenever we could. The costume department again rang me up about three months before and said, 'We know there have been problems before, so how can we overcome them?' I explained about the lack of space in the helmet, so Richard Gregory was able to take the mould and expand it in some way to give the actors more room. This got rid of 'cybernose', where rubbing against the inside of the mask made your nose very red and chaffed. I

remember the helmets had some wires inside which weren't smoothed down sufficiently, and on one occasion one dug into a Cyberman extra's ear lobe. There was blood everywhere!

"The original 'g-suits', which were bought from some Oxford army/navy stores, weren't available anymore, so they went for a simpler cotton-based overall which was sprayed silver. It was lighter, but very stiff. If you bent over or tried to sit down, your bottom or crotch would split. I suppose this is the 'cyberbum' Christopher Robbie was so concerned about!"

David feels the script again did not measure up to *Earthshock*. "The writer didn't really understand the Cybermen, so he used them as a kind of metaphor for Nazis. I'm not sure how far you can push that – Nazi ideology is not logical, it's emotional. Again, there was too much in the story. I'm sure it had originally been designed as four parts and was then cut down to accommodate an extension to another story in the season. It was quite confusing to read as a script anyway, and to have an edited version meant you just couldn't understand what was happening."

So the story didn't do the Cybermen any favours? "Again, I think it was to do with the gold angle. If you introduce it as a get-out for the heroes, you end up using it all the time. It all becomes too easy. There was quite a struggle in *Earthshock* to defeat the Cyber Leader – there were hands all over me in that scene in the TARDIS, making it a very passionate encounter! Actually, Janet Fielding just works down the road now. I occasionally bump into her. In *Silver Nemesis*, where Ace throws a few grains of gold at them and the Cybermen pass out, I think their invulnerability had come to a bit of a sad end! But you have to present it as fact in any kind of analysis of the programme, and come up with some kind of solution. My theory was that this particular subset of the species had become very weak. And the Cyberman falling from the gantry didn't look good!"




**Above:** 1983: David Banks meets a young Paul Cornell; 10 years later they would become two of the most popular *New Adventures* authors.

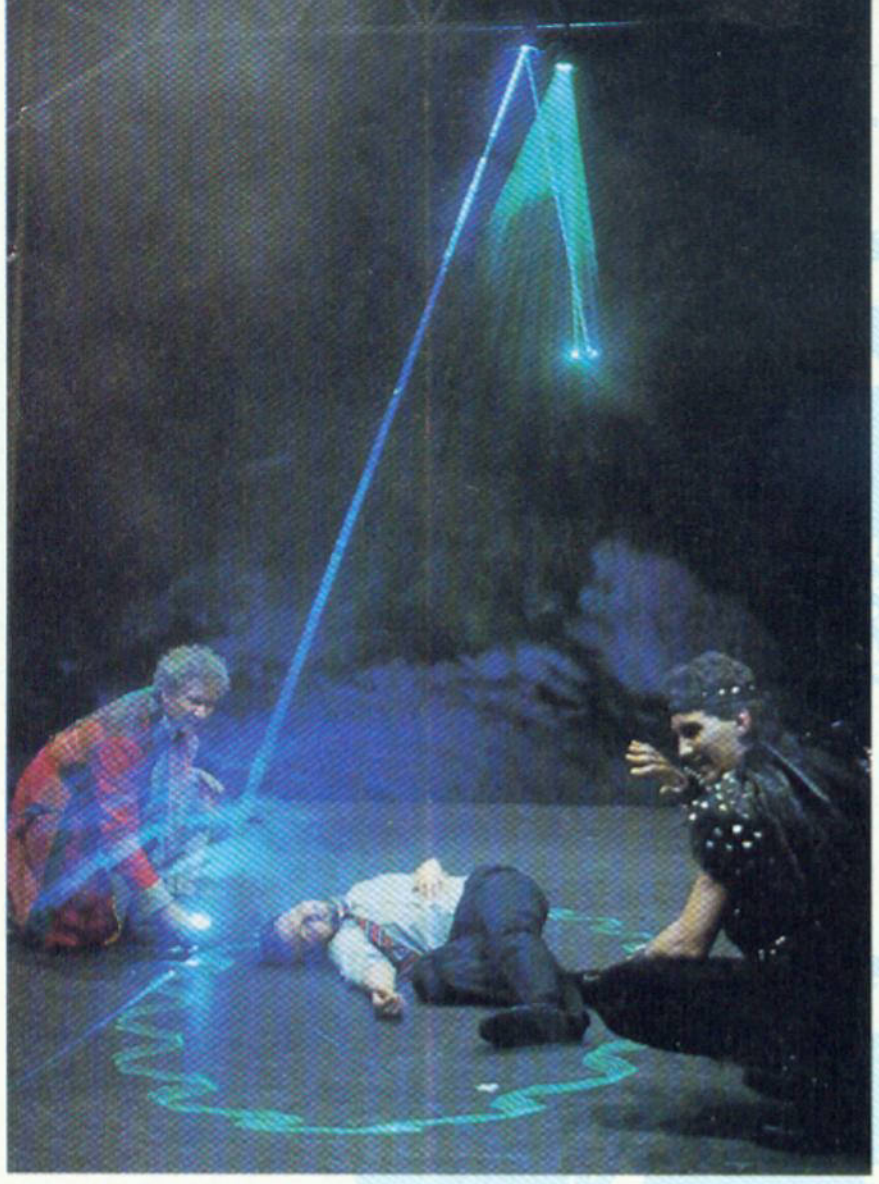
**Below:** The Cyber Leader from *The Five Doctors*. Photo © BBC Video

A constant factor through each of David's four stories was the producer, John Nathan-Turner. David believes he deserves a lot of praise for keeping the programme going. "I think some of the criticism was rather unfair. Some fans may disagree with the way he did it, but he did expand the audience, and probably accelerated the wave of interest in the programme in the early eighties. That's the man – he was interested in promotion, and very serious about the series' production values. For my personal taste, I probably would have preferred less showbiz personalities like Ken Dodd and Faith Brown, who was in *Attack of the Cybermen*, as I think it gives the wrong kind of weighting to the casting. It reached its apotheosis, or perhaps nadir, with Bonnie Langford. She was very spirited, but she came in around the same time as Sylvester McCoy, who was unfairly seen as a children's performer, so people may have gotten the impression it was a pantomime. But I think JN-T was a good producer."

David's association with television *Doctor Who* was now finished, but he continued to contribute to the series in a number of other ways. The year after *Silver Nemesis*, the stage play *The Ultimate Adventure* toured Britain with Jon Pertwee and Colin Baker playing the lead. "It was dubbed a 'stage spectacular', and it certainly was, especially in the first couple of weeks when everything went wrong! It had everything, including laser beams, two prop TARDISes and giant-size Daleks whose eye stalks sometimes got stuck looking straight up. I would have to walk on and say, 'Look at me when I'm talking to you!' It was a constant voyage of discovery. I remember one night in Wimbledon when the show was collapsing around us. We struggled on, but in one of the final scenes Jon walked on very boldly in front of the Emperor Dalek, and only realised it was the wrong scene when a Cyberman entered on the other side and said that a thorough search had been organised for the Doctor! He also got out of sync with the taped Dalek responses at one point, with rather humorous results.

"I was playing the big bad guy, Karl. I was offered the Cyber Leader, but I'd been there and done that. It was also arranged that I could understudy the Doctor with full rehearsals, which was a good idea since I didn't think Jon Pertwee could sustain six months of that kind of work. We went for eight or nine weeks and he was fine, but there was that one day, playing in front of nearly 3000 people in Birmingham, where Jon became aware of precisely how many people were out there. He had a classic dry, something that every actor has at some time in their career, and just couldn't remember his lines. The actress playing Mrs Thatcher, Judith Hibbert, tried to help him out by the classic means of asking a question and then answering it herself, but he came on in the next scene, got his first line completely wrong and

## "The boots were so evidently laced up that it did prompt me to speculate on the Cyber Leader getting up every morning and doing up his laces!"



**Right:** The Doctor (Colin Baker) and Karl (David Banks) attempt a rescue in the 1990 *Doctor Who* stage play *The Ultimate Adventure*.

**Below right:** The main cast for *The Ultimate Adventure* perform for their press call.

turned to the audience and said, 'I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen, I'm not feeling very well and I'm afraid I can't go on.' So I got into my linen suit, my Greenpeace t-shirt and white fedora and went on with Graeme Smith, who played one of the companions. I did two performances like that, and it seemed to work OK. Colin Baker took over for the second half of the run, and there was talk of a transfer to the West End or to Australia, but it didn't happen."

Was David concerned at being so heavily associated with the Cyber Leader? "Well, people sometimes don't grasp the point that you are acting. Sometimes they think that because you play a Cyberman, you must have a Cyber costume in your cupboard! I try to explain that the days I've been in a Cyberman costume wouldn't add up to three weeks in total, and that I'm not addicted to it. *I'm really not!* Well, all right, my mind is! I like philosophy, and in that way writing *The Cybermen* proved a real liberation for me. I'm grateful to *Doctor Who* for giving me that platform, and I'm very pleased it found the kind of response it did. I remember a young Paul Cornell coming up to me at a convention and asking if he could help me write the book. I said no, already having Adrian Rigelsford on board. I do enjoy the contact with the more mindful fans. They are interested in the ideas, and the concepts are indeed worth talking about. Even when *Doctor Who* has creaking, shuddering sets, it has an intellectual basis, some weight of ideas which you can follow through."

Paul Cornell went on to become one of the most popular writers with Virgin's *New Adventures*, and David was later to join him on the range. "I knew there was a series of original fiction, and I thought it would be nice to write a book which included the Cybermen. *Iceberg* had a long history, starting life as a *Make Your Own Adventure with Doctor Who*, and also a story which I'd spoken to Eric Saward about scripting. It was set in Crete, which I thought would make a nice holiday for the production team! It didn't work out, but I wrote a second idea for Eric, who by then was on the verge of leaving, so that fell by the wayside as well. I first talked to Peter Darvill-Evans of Virgin about the story in late 1989, and we discussed writing it in first person or as the usual 'he said, she said'. Peter pointed out that fans probably wouldn't be interested in literary experimentation like that, so he put me on a more direct course. After a couple of treatments and a detailed synopsis, he was happy to commission me.

"I wanted to explore the Cybermen, since I'd excited myself writing the non-fiction book, and to look at the reaction to people who claim to have met aliens. In *Doctor Who* terms, *The Invasion* took place in the early seventies or whatever, and the population of the world was placed in a comatose state. Only a small band of people, including the photographer Isobel, knew about it. In *Iceberg*, I tried to tease that out a bit by having my heroine, Ruby, meet her at some stage. People who claim they have been abducted by aliens have the terrible choice of bottling it up, or telling people and being branded a nutter. I don't know how many people picked it up, but the story was sort of based on *The Wizard of Oz* as well. Aside from the obvious references, the arc of the story can be measured against the film. As Dorothy is left behind by the balloon at the end of *Oz* (and then wakes up), Ruby is left behind by the TARDIS because she goes to collect a jacket or something."

A sequel to *Iceberg* may appear at some time in the future, but until then, would David be happy to be considered the guardian of the Cyber legacy? "What, carrying the torch for the Cybermen? I'd be very flattered. *The Cybermen* book is regarded as a kind of bible, but it is only one person's views. Part of the downfall of the Cybermen themselves is that they always think they are right. Without that essential doubt, they are locking themselves into an illusion. If that is what people see in the Cybermen, and that is the legacy of thought to protect, I'm proud to do so." ◆

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# Everything you wanted to know about Doctor Who conventions . . . but were afraid to ask!

Paul McGann has told us that he is "wary" of *Doctor Who* conventions. To set our new Doctor at ease, **Dave Owen** presents the ultimate survival guide, and shows us that conventions can be as much fun for the celebrity guests as they are for the fans . . .

The popular media enjoy presenting *Doctor Who* fans as uncomplicated sorts who do little apart from knit home-made Tom Baker scarves, petition the BBC endlessly for a new series at any cost, and sort their novelisations into order of believability. Also, according to Alan Bleasdale's award-winning TV drama series *GBH*, they attend *Doctor Who* conventions where they frolic around hotel lobbies, gaudily costumed as characters from the series. "So that's what you get up to at weekends!" mocked my colleagues the morning after the episode was shown. Little would deter them from their newly-adopted conception. In search of the truth, I decided to find out from people who attend them just what exactly *does* go on at a *Doctor Who* convention.

Although science fiction fans have been gathering together at organised conventions since the late 1930s, and new television series these days often attract dedicated conventions within a year of premiering, *Doctor Who* had been on-air for a whole 14 years before its first-ever convention in 1977. "I'd been aware of *Star Trek* conventions in the States and firmly believed that *Doctor Who* fans deserved the same," says Keith Barnfather of Reeltime Pictures, who organised the 1977 and 1978 conventions on behalf of the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society. The first attracted 200 attendees, took place one day in a church hall in Battersea and cost £5.00 to attend. Guests from the series appeared without receiving fees, including its star, Tom Baker. "He was the one who could unsettle interviewers like no one else," remembers Jeremy Bentham, who grilled the guests on stage on the day. "He'd get half-way through answering a question, decide he was bored and swing round and demand another. God help you if you didn't have one ready!"

Keith Barnfather's proudest achievement as organiser was securing a screening, at the 1978 convention, of *An Unearthly Child*, the first time the episode had been seen in the UK for 15 years. Nowadays, many attend conventions without watching a single moment of footage from the series, but in the seventies and eighties, it was the only way to relive old episodes. As a teenager, I found the prospect of being able to see *100,000 BC* or *Inside The Spaceship* (not that they were billed as such!) far more of a draw than hearing what Tom Baker or Douglas Adams might have to say. Such screenings have often been historically significant: **DWM** contributor Peter Ware remembers, "I was trying desperately to stay awake during the first-ever screening of the remaining episodes of *The Reign of Terror* after they were returned to the archives following a night spent watching a story from every Doctor with fellow fans." Luckily for people like Peter, they are now in a position to be able to take home episodes from conventions and watch them later, thanks to the stalls run by specialist dealers, selling everything from the commonplace, such as video cassettes, to the rather more eclectic, such as pairs of cybermat slippers. One could always wear the latter while watching the former, I suppose.

*Doctor Who* conventions have changed subtly over the years, mainly in attendee's expectations. In the early days, everyone came to do roughly the same things at the same time, trooping into a main hall to hear a guest be interviewed, filing out again to queue for his or her autograph, and then assembling back in the hall again to watch an exclusive screening. These days people come to conventions with a more personal agenda. I asked a few fans what they actually do at a *Doctor Who* convention . . . "I listen to the interview panels, and prowl round the dealers' room tutting at the outrageous prices for old souvenirs." says the restrained Peter Anghelides. Michael Doran, from the USA, is more outgoing: "I figure most of my time is spent in the halls talking to friends and other fans. Talking in the dealers' room. Talking at room parties. And best of all, talking in the bar. I hardly ever visit the video room. In the early days I'd check out videos that I could not see anywhere else but in more recent years I hardly ever bother." Convention-goers seem a gregarious bunch, being there more to talk to each other than anything else. DWAS's Cate Caruth says, "It's a very social weekend, if you spend time lingering in the bar or the coffee shop."

**Below:** The dream line-up! Tom Baker, Peter Davison, Patrick Troughton and Jon Pertwee on stage at the 1983 Chicago *Doctor Who* convention.

**Far left:** Tom Baker meets some young fans.

**Left:** Katy Manning shares a drink with a Cyberman at the *Doctor Who* 30th anniversary convention in 1993.

**"Tom Baker was the one guest who could unsettle interviewers like no one else."**

*Jeremy Bentham*

## Eight questions *not* to ask the guests . . .

(Some of these are real. But we're not saying which ones.)

"If you'd never been in *Doctor Who* what would your favourite colour be?"

***To Jacqueline Hill***
"Is it true that there's a *Doctor Who* chess set coming out?"
***or*** "What's it like in space?" ***and even . . .*** "Is your hair real?"

***To anyone who appeared in* The Dæmons**
"What was your favourite story, and why?" – They're not going to change their mind after this long, now are they?

***To Nicola Bryant, while you're dressed as an Androgum***
"Are you free for dinner?"

***To Sylvester McCoy***
"Was it Imperial or Renegade Daleks who exterminated the Master on Skaro?"

***And above all . . .***
Any question taking more than three minutes to ask to which the answer is "Yes" or "No". You're not a solicitor and the guests aren't in the dock!

The newer conventioneer will perhaps have less socialising to catch up on, and be more intent on absorbing the programming on offer. What can he or she look forward to? With more diverse tastes to cater for, good conventions offer a continuous range of events taking place simultaneously in appropriate parts of the venue, so that at any one time it should be possible to hear guests being interviewed, meet guests who are mingling with fans, watch video material, or have a browse around displays of props or costumes. At larger conventions, there may be specialist presentations from experts on the ins and outs of writing for the *New Adventures*, or making Daleks explode.

Can all this be a little daunting to the uninitiated? Jon Way remembers, "I was looking a little lost and bewildered at my first convention, and a friendly guy said, 'You look lost and bewildered. Why don't you tag along with me until you get the hang of it.' I agreed gratefully, but forgot to memorize his face. The moment I got distracted, I forgot who he was, and to my knowledge, I never saw him again!" Robert Smith from Australia finds it easy to make new friends: "Start up conversations anywhere and with anyone – you've already got plenty in common with almost everyone there!"

**Below:** Longleat 1983: Jon Pertwee auctions off the Cyber Controller's head; Ian levine looks on.

Venues have ranged in the past from functional university campuses, via nostalgic *Doctor Who* locations, to a ferry in the middle of the North Sea. Now, however, an increasing majority of conventions take place in hotels. I asked Andrew Beech, who – for the DWAS and later for Dominitemporal Services Ltd (DSL) – has organised the annual PanoptiCon for the past eight years, why they had moved to more opulent, but perhaps less affordable settings. "People, especially guests, don't like having to travel to separate accommodation, such as halls of residence. The ideal venue is a large hotel in a city outside London." Manopticon's John Molyneux agrees: "Split venues don't work. After being together all day at Manchester Town Hall for Manopticon 3, everyone went off to different hotels on Saturday evening, losing the social focus. The best conventions are hotel-based, allowing people to drift off to bed when it suits them."

If conventions do have a focus, it's the Main Hall, a seated room where guests take part in interview panels, or bravely hold forth on their own, taking questions from members of the audience. The style of such sessions can vary tremendously. **DWM** reader Amanda Murray remembers one of Jon Pertwee's last convention appearances at the Skarasen convention earlier this year: "An old trooper who, despite managing to retell many of the same old stories, was always funny. This time, he told one I had never heard before about a lion he'd bought to rid on the back of his motorbike on the Wall of Death. The lion had no teeth, and he did an impression of it, which literally had me rolling on the floor with laughter." Paul Rhodes of DSL remembers that "Tom Baker's appearance at PanoptiCon '93 was stunning – a wonderful reaction from the audience, and a great performance from Tom." Memorably, Anneke Wills, herself then a newcomer on the convention scene, was among his questioners in the audience, even soliciting a hug from Tom, who remained quite ignorant that she had played one of the Doctor's companions! He was finally joined on the platform by Elisabeth Sladen. "It was a personal ambition of mine to get them on stage together, and I was quite moved to see them reunited," says Andrew Beech.

Less overpowering guests may take the stage chaperoned by a knowledgable fan who acts as interviewer, solicits questions, and reminds the subject of memories that may have blurred over the years. Sometimes, however, it is the interviewer who needs reminding, as I discovered when I chatted to actor and fight arranger Derek Ware on stage in 1994. "I'd like to start by asking you about your first *Doctor Who* appearance in *The Crusade*," I said. "I'm afraid you can't," replied Derek, "because I appeared two years before that, in the first-ever story!" And guests may not always just want to concentrate on *Doctor Who*. "I'll always remember Gary Russell at Manopticon 2 asking Anneke Wills about her spiritual beliefs," says John Molyneux. "That's the best sort of questioning. The making of *The Tenth Planet* is all well and good, but ultimately the guest isn't going to be able to tell you anything that you can't get in a **DWM** *Archive* article. What's far more interesting is hearing Anneke relating how she experienced Patrick Troughton's leaving for the astral plane when he died – weird, but far more memorable."

**"The ideal venue is a large hotel in a city outside London."**
*Andrew Beech*

Attendees all have their favourite guests. "Caroline John," says David John Darlington, "she's wildly enthusiastic and into everything, and actually had something new to say when she emerged onto the scene. Great." "Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred," avers Robert Smith, "an amazing tag-team and very friendly people who'll talk to you anywhere." Indeed, some guests make their presence felt off-stage as much as on, as Robert remembers: "Wandering around the hotel, I bumped into a group of fans who were chatting with Jon Pertwee. It was so casual that I did not even realise he was there at first. Certainly not how I'd expected to meet a Doctor!" My own favourite close encounter took place after walking into a lift at Manopticon 4 this year. Some friends wished me a happy birthday, and immediately Louise Jameson fixed me with her sparkling blue eyes and quizzically declared my star sign. I'll admit that for just a few moments I nearly believed in astrology.

Of course, spending a weekend in a hotel (even at the reduced rates often negotiated for convention attendees) can be an expensive business, and that's just without all the other temptations on offer. What do people spend their money on at conventions? "Survival is foremost in my mind, so most of my budget goes to the hotel room and at least two square meals a day," says Eric Gjovaag. "But whatever's left over I spend in the dealers' room." The dealers' room, it should be pointed out, is often distinct from the fanzine room where editors of amateur *Doctor Who* magazines peddle their wares. It can be a good opportunity to see what fanzines are like, rather than having to depend on advertisements. But be warned – "At my first convention, I bought just about every fanzine in existence, and spent almost the whole of the rest of the convention loaded down with huge heavy bags of stuff. Never again," vows Jon Way.

I noticed a tendency amongst older fans to list the hotel bar as one of the chief attractions at events. Peter Anghelides confesses what his money goes on: "Beer, I'm afraid. There's such a humungous range of *Doctor Wh*o memorabilia, and most of it luxuriously priced, that I've decided there's a much more pragmatic method of frittering away my money." The bar is not just for those seeking refreshment; it's where many guests congregate after a day's recounting and signing to enjoy, well, more recounting and signing, but in a more convivial and relaxed atmosphere. It's often where writers and production staff come into their own, and are likely to become more candid and open after being bought a lemonade, than after having a question offered timidly from the back of the main hall.

For some people, simply enjoying the events on offer isn't

## Never to be repeated guest appearances

**Jacqueline Hill** – made a single appearance in 1985. Perhaps some of the questions she was asked put her off returning!

**The Two Romanas** – Mary Tamm and Lalla Ward, who all-too-briefly dazzled the attendees of PanoptiCon '93 with their combined wit and beauty.

**The Two K9s** – After humorously snarling and growling at each other for a few minutes, John Leeson and David Brierley became the best of friends at Manopticon this year.

**Patrick Troughton** – at Brighton in 1985; after years of turning down requests to attend, he preserved his mystique by appearing in costume, and in character, as the Second Doctor.

**Caroline Munro** – she ultimately never appeared in the planned *Doctor Who* feature film, but nonetheless "kept the Dads happy" for one afternoon in 1988.

**The Four Doctors** – unanimously unhappy at PanoptiCon '93 about the abortive anniversary story, *The Dark Dimension*.

**Dez Skinn** – a bearded stranger from a company called Marvel Comics, who appeared at PanoptiCon 3 to announce that they would be launching *Doctor Who Weekly* later in 1979.

**Peter Purves** – came along to Manopticon 3 just to explain why he wouldn't be coming again. And he didn't!

## Five ways to spend money very quickly indeed . . .

Eat all your meals in the hotel instead of venturing out.
*At least £100 over two days. Take a thermos.*

Try to fill all the gaps in your *Doctor Who* collection when visiting the dealers' room.
*The sky's the limit. And they take credit cards. Just Say No.*

Bid for every single item in the auction.
*Possibly £3000 at a large convention. Seriously.*

Buy enough drinks to satisfy the **DWM** staff and writers in the bar.
*Several thousand pounds, at a conservative estimate. And that's without crisps.*

Fall prey to the pleading looks of ever single editor in the fanzine room.
*Probably only about £20 – but you'll be hooked for life.*

## Convention diary

**1977** The world's first *Doctor Who* convention is held in London. Several thousand people now claim to have been there, but there were less than 200.

**1978** *An Unearthly Child* is screened at PanoptiCon – the next three episodes of this first serial wouldn't be screened until the following year.

**1983** BBC Enterprises' *Doctor Who* Celebration is staged at Longleat – the biggest convention, but not the best.

**1983** Huge Ultimate Celebration convention in Chicago – all four surviving Doctors are united on stage in front of 12,000 attendees.

**1985** Patrick Troughton finally appears at a British fan-organised convention.

**1987** Patrick Troughton dies while attending a convention in the USA, but the show goes on . . .

**1993** PanoptiCon '93 celebrates 30 years of *Doctor Who* – Tom Baker appears, but not with the other four Doctors, who unite for the closing ceremony.

**1996** Philip Segal appears at Manopticon 4 – but when will Paul McGann make his convention debut?

**Above left:** John Nathan-Turner presents a couple of entrants in an American convention costume competition.

**Left:** Nicholas Courtney regales an attentive alien with behind-the-scenes tales . . .

enough, and they can volunteer to be stewards. Yes, *volunteer* – the vast majority of *Doctor Who* conventions are run by fans for fans, with any surplus takings being donated to a charity, often one with links to *Doctor Who*. Stewards' registration fees may be reduced or completely waived, but in return they can expect to carry out whatever tasks are necessary to the smooth running of the event. In the past I have registered attendees on their arrival, helped to assemble the stage in the main hall, hovered around the hotel reception area trying to recognise a missing actress whose features I hadn't seen in 20 years and, most bizarrely, helped lift Peter Miles into a Davros wheelchair. And that was all in just one weekend!

It's not a job for the half-hearted, as DreamWatch '94 co-organiser Jason Haigh-Ellery explains: "You have to be able to think on your feet, and not just follow orders. You're the person dealing directly with the public." Although some stewards' duties seem like perks, such as liasing with the guests, this can often be just as much hard work as reminding attendees to wear their name badges, overseeing autograph queues, or running around the hall with a radio microphone to pick up audience questions. Peter Ware glumly remembers, "I was manning the cloakroom while everyone else was watching the newly-returned episodes of *The War Machines*," and hasn't been a steward since.

It's surprising how many people I meet who say they've been to a *Doctor Who* convention. When quizzed, it turns out they are all referring to the BBC Enterprises event at Longleat House in 1983. Science fiction fan and *Doctor Who* viewer Tony Jones saw the event advertised on TV after one of the Season Twenty episodes: "It was vastly over-subscribed, to the extent that I couldn't even get tickets for the second day. Queues for autographs were immense – I didn't see much else at all on the first morning."

**Right:** Chicago, 1993: John Nathan-Turner and Janet Fielding in cabaret.

35,000 people attended on the first day alone, but nevertheless Peter Ware admits, "I fought tooth and nail with thousands of others to get into a tent seating just 200 to see *The Dominators*." In Peter's defence, I should add that it rained for most of the weekend. In many ways, it seems, smaller is better.

**"I fought tooth and nail with thousands of others to get into a tent seating just 200 to see *The Dominators*."**

*Peter Ware*

Smaller events often last just for a day, may be less daunting for prospective attendees, and can make a more economical day out. One-day events may be more focused, such as *Tombwatch* in 1992, which gave an opportunity for attendees to view the newly recovered *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, and quiz guests who had all worked on that story.

In between these extremes of scale, the weekend convention offers a good opportunity to relax and turn one's attention to diverse eras and aspects of the programme. The centre piece is often the cabaret entertainment offered on the Saturday evening, which can include guests, organisers and attendees featuring in items ranging from performers demonstrating hitherto-unsuspected (and subsequently-forgotten) musical talents, to attendees being yanked from the audience to take part in variations on popular TV game shows with a *Doctor Who* twist. More popular overseas than in the UK are costume competitions, with prizes awarded for the best home-made costumes from the series. Convention cabarets are just as often awful as brilliant, but are usually just as entertaining nonetheless. The Saturday night presentation is often when items donated by guests, such as props, costumes, or scripts may be auctioned off to raise money for charity, often by the guests themselves.

Certain guests seem to have spent more time appearing at conventions than on-screen. In her book, *Ace!*, Sophie Aldred remembers turning to one of the organisers at a convention in 1994 and saying, "Isn't it amazing that five years after the filming of the final *Doctor Who*, here I am, still surrounded by people who are interested in the programme and think of me as Ace," only to be reminded that Carole Ann Ford was still answering questions about playing Susan 30 years later. I asked *New Adventures* writer Justin Richards what it was like to have gone from being a paying attendee to a guest at conventions. "You have to sign things, contribute to the raffle or auction, refuse to accept the expenses and offer them to the convention charity instead. You get asked questions, too, which is a good excuse to sound off about anything you want in front of an adoring audience. And you get bought drinks."

I asked Andrew Beech, who will once again be organising this year's PanoptiCon, how he feels conventions have changed in recent years. "There's a much larger ratio of women to men now – it used to be overwhelmingly male. And we're seeing a much wider range of ages – there are families all coming together now, including children who were too young to have really watched the series when it was on, and have become fans since, thanks to video tapes." Isn't PanoptiCon just the domain of regular DWAS convention attendees? "Not at all – we're getting more non-members than ever, as well people who've never been to a convention before."

**Doctor Who Magazine** will be making its presence felt at PanoptiCon in October this year, and we look forward to meeting as many of our readers as possible. No *Doctor Who* collection could ever be complete without the memories of at least one convention. See you there!

## Lots of Fun!

***Some fans' more generous purchases. . .***

A ticket to the world premiere of the *Doctor Who* TV Movie – **£100**

The TARDIS' Time Rotor – **£1500**

Tom Baker's brown velvet coat – **£810**

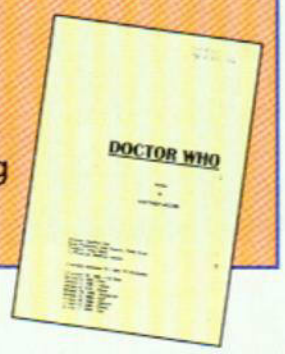
The Key to Time – **£1300**

The Ancient and Worshipful Law of Gallifrey – **£100**

Time Lord collar – **£500**

Foamasi costume (auctioned separately in three pieces) – **£113 in total**

Script for the *Doctor Who* TV Movie, signed by all the leading cast – **£650**



# Timelines

compiled by Scott Gray

*Send your letters to*
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## THANK YOU

I have received so many kind and comforting condolences on my husband's death and I want to thank you all, also in the name of my daughter Dariel and son Sean, for those deeply touching messages.

Unfortunately I cannot reply to all of you personally but I want you to know that your thoughts have meant a great deal to us.

*Ingeborg Pertwee*

## BOUQUETS . . .

I have two comments to make – the first to the so-called *Doctor Who* fans who have spent the last few months pouring scorn and derision on the American co-produced TV Movie: get real, you morons! There has been plenty of praise as well as criticism, but at the end of the day, this was *Doctor Who* for the nineties. Whilst I'm willing to concede that there were problems with continuity and the storyline, it was a first-class production with Messers McCoy and McGann shining and very ably assisted by Miss Ashbrook. I'd like to see more, especially of the new TARDIS set and the updated special effects, but unless we "fans" stick together and signal our support for the production, it just isn't going to happen.

My second point is that as a reader of the magazine from Issue 1, I've always enjoyed the comic strip (with a few exceptions, such as the horrendous Fifth Doctor vs the talking space cows, which any self-respecting comics or *Who* fan would shudder at!). Recent stories have been exceptional, but with *Ground Zero* I can honestly say that the final frame of Part Four made me gasp (and exclaim so loudly that other passengers in my tube compartment all looked round). What an excellent, strong story, and if Ace is dead, then what a way to go – a departure befitting the hero she was. I simply can't wait for the story's conclusion . . .

Keep up the great work!

*Gavin Robinson*
*Brixton,*
*London.*

". . .[A]t first I was unaware of the relevance of the interludes describing them, until the powerful revelation that they were occupying the same space as the rest of the book's action, but at a subatomically tiny level."

Thank you once again, Dave Owen. I'm sure *The Death of Art* will be just as powerful when I read it, but without any pesky intrigue or suspense to distract me.

Gary, you've done a fantastic job putting your own stamp on the magazine since becoming editor. And I certainly wouldn't advocate editing Dave Owen's opinions. I may not always agree with him, but that's the point of reviews.

But would it be possible for somebody – an editor, perhaps – to please ask him to stop giving away what he seems to describe as major plot points in his reviews? *Shelf Life* used to be one of the first features I turned to when I received a new issue. It's getting to the point where I may stop reading the reviews until after I've read the novels. Not because his opinions may affect my appreciation of the novel one way or the other; that certainly hasn't been the case. I just think it would be nice to be surprised by the plot twists when they appear in the text. Call me a rebel.

The rest of Issue 242 was up to your usual standards. You're right about *Second Sight*; this may be the most important review of the new movie. As time goes by, I grow less and less interested in what *Doctor Who* fans have to say about *Doctor Who*. Too much inertia, too much looking towards the past, rather than the future. Too many people acting like the Fanboy from *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*. Reading the articles about Class 4G take me back to when I first started watching the show, as a 10-year-old who, beyond the ton of novelizations I saw on bookstore shelves, had no idea of the history of the series or its fans, and could simply watch my first episode – the second part of *The Deadly Assassin* – with wonder and excitement, appreciating it on its own merits.

Thanks for the final part of *Ground Zero*. Despite my misgivings about so violently wrenching the strip from its former Virgin-connected continuity, you couldn't have concocted a more masterful swan-song for the Seventh Doctor. The TV Movie wasn't really his final adventure; it was the Eighth Doctor's first. *Ground Zero* gave both Ace and the Seventh Doctor a chance to shine one last time, and they didn't disappoint. Ace went out in a blaze of glory, appropriately. The Doctor's final words with Isaac captured all the power and ambiguity of McCoy's best performances, and Susan's final comments perfectly encapsulated the poignancy of the show's last two years. Well done by all concerned.

So now we'll be seeing a new Doctor in the village of Stockbridge. The more things change . . .

*Andrew M. Kaplan*
*Dayton, OH, USA*
*AKaplan961@aol.com*

*Thanks, Andrew. Dave has assured us that the nature of those subatomic critters in* The Death of Art *isn't a major surprise in the narrative, but we still made him stare at a mirror for a couple of hours as punishment. The poor boy's still howling.*

I am writing to you to let you know how much I have enjoyed the Seventh Doctor's ►

## THE HIT PARADE

A **DWM** contributor leaps from the exploding helicopter of jaded adulthood onto the speeding train of childish wonder clutching his top-ten *Doctor Who* stories; all of which are much more entertaining than any Brian DePalma movie you might care to mention.

**Martin Geraghty**
Comic strip artist

### 1. *The Seeds of Doom*

"I've always been a sucker (no pun intended) for 'man into monster' stories, and this is the best. Spooky, with a haunting, minimal score and outstanding direction by the show's most gifted director. Tom Baker's remote, at times truly alien performance tops it off – sublime."

### 2. *Inferno*

"And it's that man Camfield again – *Doctor Who* as a 'Bondesque' 1970s disaster movie. Doom-laden but directed at a pace to crack toffee. The tension is cleverly wracked up, culminating in Episode 4's splendid cliffhanger, which is right up there with Part Three of . . .

### 3. *The Caves of Androzani*

"In which Graeme Harper proves he can even make a conversation in a lift look interesting. Desperate, heroic, edge-of-the-seat stuff, with plenty of guns and a towering, physical performance by Christopher Gable."

### 4. *Genesis of the Daleks*

"The allusions to Nazi Germany soared right over my six-year-old head on its original showing, but subsequent viewings have shown it to be a thoroughly disturbing fable. Its grim take on the horrors of modern warfare make it *Doctor Who* at its most powerful, moralistic and relevant."

### 5. *The Robots of Death*

"Two confessions: 1) I've still got a crush on Toos. 2) After this story I stopped playing Daleks in the schoolyard and became instead a blank-eyed, silkily-spoken mass strangler. 'Nurse! The tablets . . !'"

### 6. *The Tomb of the Cybermen*

"Sadly dismissed since its return, *Tomb* contains many seminal scenes (admittedly, the decision to show a patently under-padded dummy Controller being flung across the set was somewhat misjudged). Troughton's performance (benevolent uncle as dark manipulator) is a revelation."

### 7. *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*

"For my money, Mr Sin is easily the nastiest piece of work presented by the programme, whilst Michael Spice's delivery of the line, 'Let the talons of Weng-Chiang shred your fleeaarrsh' is, quite simply, beyond praise."

### 8. *Planet of Evil*

"Watch this on a late afternoon in December with some cans and only the telly, the fire and the Christmas tree lighting the room. It's a life-affirming experience and you'll thank me for it."

### 9. *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*

"Sylvester is great in this, a story with a genuine sense of impending dread. Psychotic, surreal, with some splendid off-screen deaths, this continued the upward creative trend of the series. The casting of Ian Reddington was inspired."

### 10. *The Dæmons*

"The quintessential Pertwee tale; UNIT, an isolated country village, a high-speed chase involving a helicopter, bike and car, and some of the best lines Nick Courtney had to deliver for the show . . . Oh, and the Master bottling it in the cavern at the end of Episode Three."

final comic strip *Ground Zero* these past weeks – a brilliant storyline which kept me hooked until the end. I have to say I was surprised (and a little shocked) that you decided to kill off Ace – I had rather hoped she would make the odd special appearance in one or two of the forthcoming Eighth Doctor's stories, but nevertheless a brave move, I thought.

I look forward to the Eighth Doc's forthcoming adventures with great anticipation. Is there any chance of a guest appearance by Chris Cwej or Roz Forrester, or even a couple of old favourites like Benny or Frobisher?!

I have read **DWM** for a great number of years and it just gets better and better. Keep up the good work!

*Ruth Bell*
*RandJBell@aol.com*

*Benny? Chris? Roz? Er . . . no. But how about Trandi, Professor Lammers, Miss Young, Sharon, Sir Justin or 'Gus' Goodman?*

## . . . AND BRICKBATS

Much as I hate to be one of those people who writes in to do nothing but moan, I feel I must voice a few concerns about the magazine. Firstly, why are the covers always so boring? The picture of Jon Pertwee for Issue 241 was poorly chosen, and surely there's something better than just shots from the film to put on the front, after all it's pretty much old hat by now.

I'm glad to see you've finally got your act together with the comic strip; I'm looking forward to seeing Stockbridge again. *Ground Zero*, on the other hand, was a complete dog's breakfast. Why did you feel the need to give Ace another ending? Virgin did that most satisfactorily 18 months ago. By all means give the Seventh Doctor an epic finale, but we could have done without this tripe.

Another shame is this *Monitor* nonsense. What's the point? Why not use this page for something more creative?

Please bring back *Off Target*. It was hilarious, but where's it gone?

That's just about it, except for saying that I fail to share everyone else's enthusiasm for the *Telesnap Archive*. Why is it no longer a pull-out section? I find it easier to read whole stories in one go, rather than losing the thread in-between issues, but I've stopped reading it altogether now that this has been made more arduous.

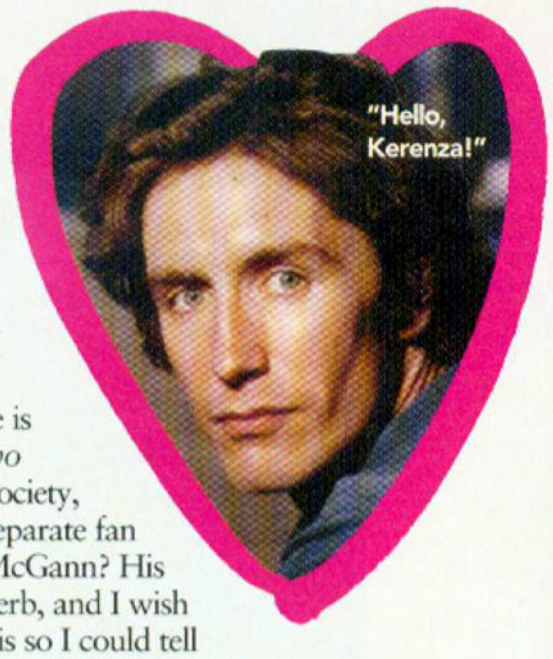
I'll make up for being so negative by saying that you had every right to be proud of Issue 242, and I thought Paul McGann was great, apart from this half-human idea, which was poorly thought-out, as anyone who's seen *Pyramids of Mars* Part One will testify. But otherwise long live the Eighth Doctor!

*John Kell*
*Wilmslow,*
*Cheshire.*

## HEART(S)THROB

Much to my great dismay, I have only just discovered your wonderful magazine. From just a few issues, I've discovered lots of information about *Doctor Who*, and the gorgeous Paul McGann. Thank you!

I believe Paul is the best Doctor ever. He is how I always wanted the Doctor to look. Before the movie it was firmly set in my mind that Peter Davison and Jon Pertwee were the best, but Paul swept me off my feet (not literally!!! But I wish!).


"Hello, Kerenza!"

I know there is the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society, but is there a separate fan club for Paul McGann? His acting was superb, and I wish he could see this so I could tell him that every time I watch the film, at the part where he is looking at Grace with that sad, wide-eyed expression when he thinks she's dead, I cry. He looks so sad and convincing, and even thinking about it now makes me sad.

Even though I know it is only fiction, I do feel sad for the Doctor; that he is alone with the TARDIS, and cannot ever experience love. When he asked Grace to come with him, Paul looked so lonely and I believed it. I thought she was so lucky and wished the Doctor could have love . . . But he'd be like everyone else then, and not the Doctor we all know. It was just those clear blue eyes . . .

Please don't ever stop this mag, and please waffle on about Paul McGann.

*Kerenza Allin-Garner*
*Ilford,*
*Essex.*

*Consider us the Waffle-meisters, Kerenza!*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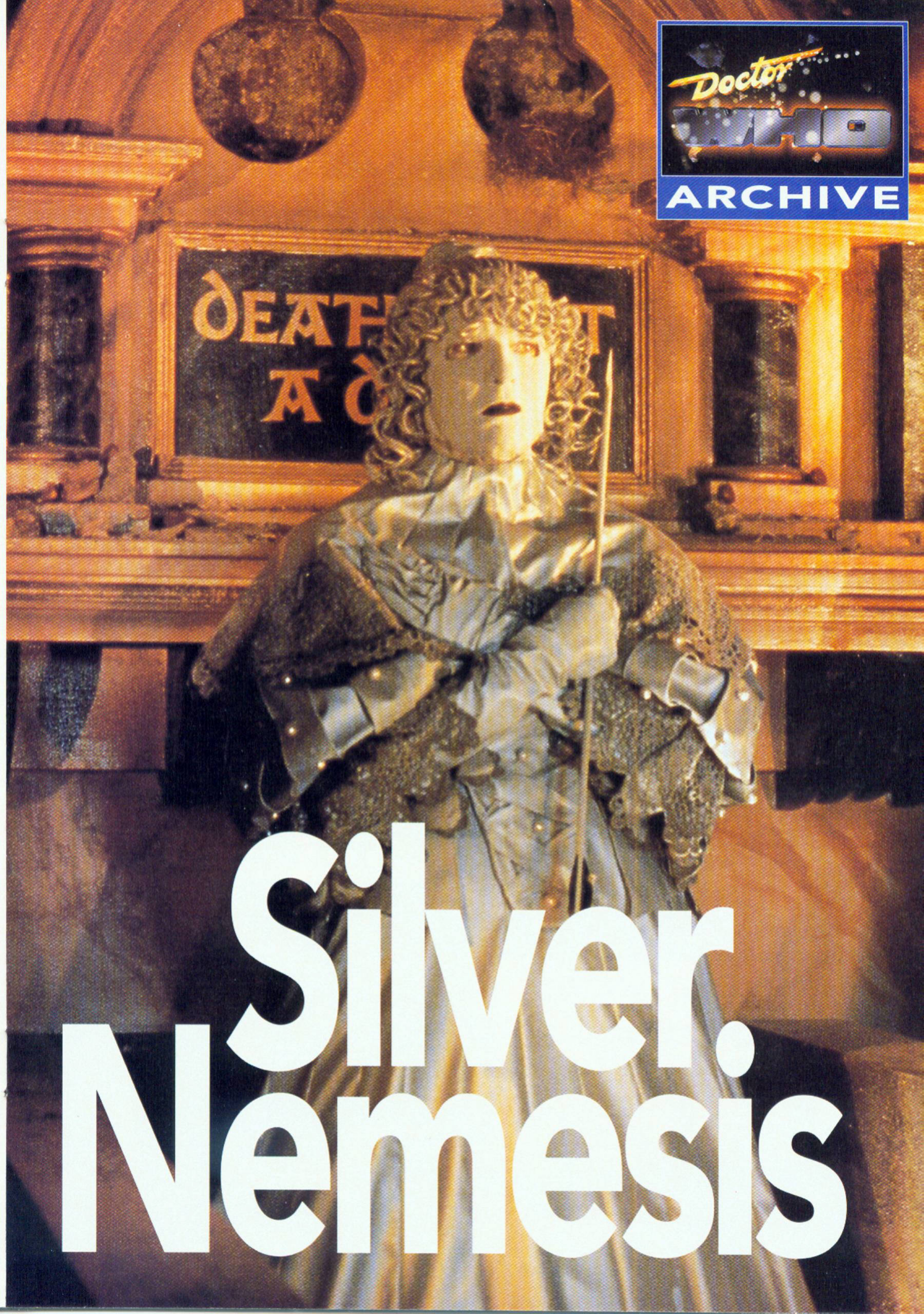
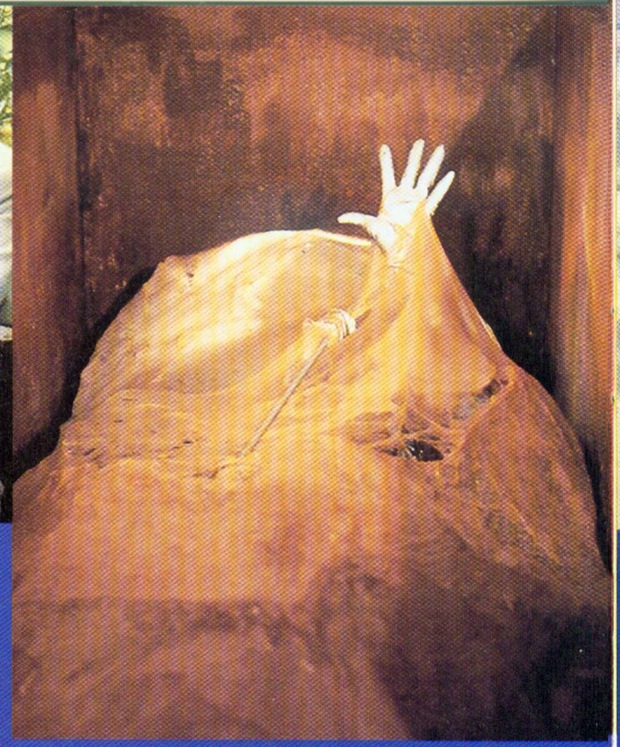

Doctor Who
ARCHIVE
Silver Nemesis



## PART ONE (drn: 24'31", VT drn: 29'09")

South America, 22nd November 1988: Herr De Flores and his neo-Nazi force compute that an object that will help to establish their Fourth Reich will arrive in Windsor the next day.

Windsor, England, 1638: the evil Lady Peinforte and a criminal accomplice, Richard, learn from a mathematician that the comet Nemesis will land 350 years in the future.

In 1988 the Doctor and Ace leave a jazz concert and are shot at by two large men wearing silver headphones. Checking his pre-set watch alarm, the Doctor realises that the Earth is facing imminent destruction.

Peinforte and Richard use a silver arrow and a potion of blood to travel through time to 1988. They arrive in her house – now a café – just as the comet crashes to Earth on a wasteground near a hangar. Inside the comet is a silver statue – the Nemesis – which is seen by policemen who arrive at the scene. Both the Nazis and Peinforte leave the officers to guard the comet, but jets of gas from the ground overcome the police.

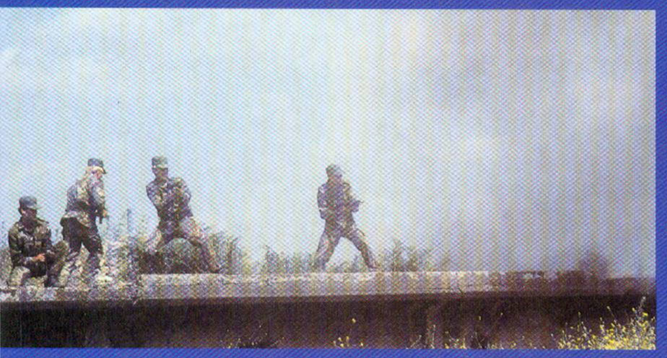
The Doctor and Ace take the TARDIS into the vaults of Windsor Castle only to find that a silver bow the Doctor is seeking went missing in 1788 – it is in the hands of De Flores. Travelling to Peinforte's house in 1638, the Doctor explains to Ace that he has been here before. A living metal called Validium fell from the sky which Peinforte fashioned into a statue of herself. Its only purpose is destruction. The TARDIS returns to Windsor Castle where the Doctor makes an abortive attempt to gain the Queen and armed forces' support.

De Flores' men approach the comet as the Doctor arrives with Ace in the TARDIS. De Flores believes that the Doctor has the arrow – the final element needed to activate the statue – and threatens to kill Ace. The girl is saved when a spaceship lands and silver figures emerge. "Who are they?" asks Ace. "Cybermen," replies the Doctor . . .

## PART TWO (drn: 24'12", VT drn: 25'49")

A battle ensues between the Nazis and Cybermen, with Peinforte's gold-tipped arrows killing the new arrivals. The Doctor and Ace manage to steal the unattended bow from De Flores in the chaos, and depart in the TARDIS. The Nazis are forced to retreat, leaving the statue for the Cybermen. The dormant statue is partially cut free by the Cybermen and taken in their ship to a nearby tower – Lady Peinforte's own crypt. Peinforte and Richard meanwhile deal with two skinheads who threaten them in Windsor.

All photos
© BBC Video



The TARDIS materialises in the countryside near the folly, and the Doctor explains to Ace that Validium was made by Rassilon and Omega as a defence for Gallifrey. Using the glowing bow to home in on the statue, they set off, using a jazz tape in Ace's ghetto-blaster to jam the Cybermen's communication signals.

### Silver Nemesis

*Screenplay extract by Kevin Clarke*

*The Doctor hands over the bow – and hence the power of the Nemesis – to the Cybermen, despite Lady Peinforte's threats to reveal who he really is . . .*

**LADY PEINFORTE:** But I know your secrets.
**DOCTOR:** (steel in his voice) Very well. Tell them.
**LADY PEINFORTE:** I shall tell them of Gallifrey. Tell them of the Old Time. The Time of Chaos.
**DOCTOR:** Be my guest.
**LADY PEINFORTE:** Your secrets . . .
**CYBER LEADER:** The secrets of the Time Lords mean nothing to us.
**DOCTOR:** Exactly. Thank you – for coming to the twentieth century and giving me assistance. Thank you – for bringing the arrow. You may go now.
**LADY PEINFORTE:** What?
**DOCTOR:** You had the right game – but the wrong pawn. Check.

The Cybermen allow Peinforte and Richard to enter the crypt, where Peinforte finds her remains are missing. Richard holds the Cybermen off with the gold arrows. Meanwhile, the Doctor lures the two headphoned men away from guarding the Cybermen's spaceship, and Ace blows it up with her rucksack of Nitro Nine. De Flores and his men approach the Cyber Leader and offer a deal – they will share the power of the Nemesis and rule the world together. Both sides have no intention of honouring the deal, however. The Nazis manage to force Peinforte out of the folly via a secret door, leaving both statue and arrow for the Cybermen and De Flores' men.

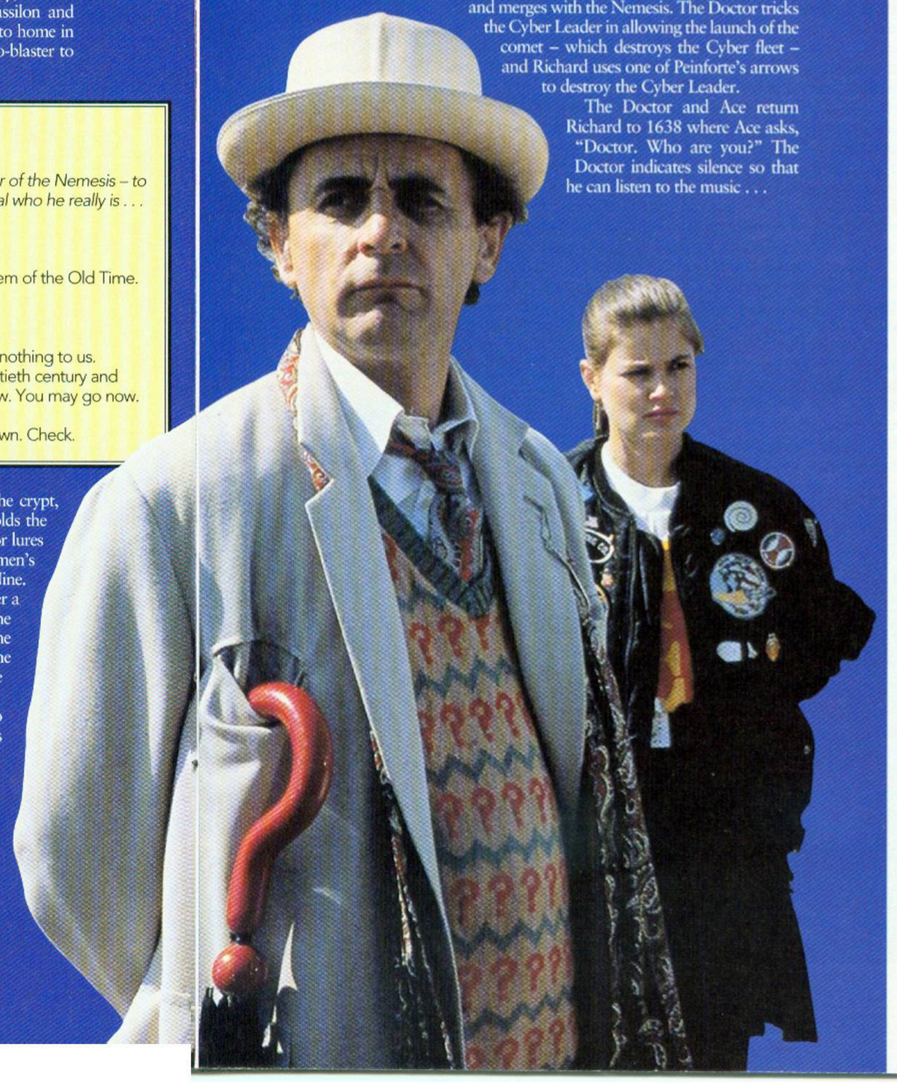
The Doctor tracks the Cybermen's communications to space and uses the image on the ghetto-blaster to confirm his suspicions: "Cyber war ships. Thousands of them. They were invisible."

## PART THREE (drn: 24'36", VT drn: 29'12")

The Doctor and Ace travel to the crypt to confront the Cybermen, who have gained the upper hand on De Flores. The Doctor uses the bow to reactivate the statue which explodes out of the building. The Doctor and Ace flee with the bow, return to the TARDIS and travel to the hangar where the Cybermen left the comet. The statue follows the bow. The Doctor and Ace stop off in 1638, allowing Ace to collect some gold coins.

While Peinforte and Richard accept a lift from a visiting American lady in her limousine, the Doctor reprograms the comet and gives the statue instructions to destroy the Cyber fleet. Ace battles the Cybermen using her catapult and the gold coins and appears to win, but De Flores turns up to take control of the statue. The Cyber Leader disposes of the Nazis as Peinforte arrives and threatens to reveal the Doctor's true and secret identity. In a mad frenzy she leaps into the comet and merges with the Nemesis. The Doctor tricks the Cyber Leader in allowing the launch of the comet – which destroys the Cyber fleet – and Richard uses one of Peinforte's arrows to destroy the Cyber Leader.

The Doctor and Ace return Richard to 1638 where Ace asks, "Doctor. Who are you?" The Doctor indicates silence so that he can listen to the music . . .



# PRODUCTION

By 1987 Kevin Clarke had written two stage plays, scripts for three unmade BBC series, and contributed to the wartime series *Wish Me Luck*. At the BBC, Clarke heard that Andrew Cartmel had taken over as script editor on *Doctor Who* and sent one of his sample scripts in on spec. Searching for new writers, Cartmel asked Clarke to meet him in March 1987, despite the fact that Clarke had no interest in science fiction and had only seen two episodes of *Doctor Who*.

Clarke had no further contact with Cartmel for six months, and found himself out of work. Calling Cartmel in September, he was again invited to discuss story ideas. His initial suggestion was a traditional *Doctor Who* tale which Cartmel did not want. Clarke was sent away with videotapes of old serials to study, and found that he particularly enjoyed the black-and-white episodes from the sixties in which the Doctor was a more mysterious figure.

Clarke secored work on *The Bill* while continuing his discussions with Cartmel. Later in September, Cartmel rang to offer him a three-part serial that would be the series' 25th anniversary story. Clarke considered the two central themes for his story: something arriving on Earth in a meteor which influences events, and an exploration of the Doctor's identity so that the serial ended with somebody asking the Doctor, "Who are you?"

During discussions with Cartmel, the object from space became a silver figure carrying a weapon which would lead evil to its doom, named Nemesis after the goddess of retribution. A fortnight after Clarke began work, producer John Nathan-Turner suggested the inclusion of the Cybermen, as their silver image was appropriate for the silver anniversary. Clarke was commissioned for a storyline, *The Harbinger*, in October 1987, and produced a breakdown and first script by the end of the year.

Clarke attempted to emulate Jacobean theatre in speed and structure, balancing humour and drama. He also wanted to make his story a black comedy-thriller with parallel plots, and found that he worked well with Cartmel as the pair fleshed out the middle of the serial. Cartmel wanted to add extra mystery to the Doctor which Clarke exploited in a climax where the Doctor has a choice between exposing his identity or saving Earth.

All four scripts for Season Twenty-Five had been decided upon by January 1988 and the three directors booked by Nathan-Turner. Clarke joined Aaronovitch, Stephen Wyatt and Graeme Curry at a party in the New Year where they met Nathan-Turner's production team, as well as stars Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred. The director on Clarke's script was to be Chris Clough, who had previously directed the final six episodes of *The Trial of a Time Lord*, *Delta and the Bannermen* and *Dragonfire*. It had been decided in the autumn that the new season would follow the same pattern as Season Twenty-Four, concluding production with two three-part stories made by the same crew: one on location, one in studio. Clough had experience of working to this tight schedule from 1987, and researched the new serial by viewing all the existing Cybermen stories.

The first of Clarke's scripts was due for delivery on Friday 1st January 1988, but was actually delivered on Tuesday 19th January by which time its title had become *Nemesis*. The script was accepted, and on Wednesday 20th January Clarke was commissioned for the remaining two episodes with target delivery dates of Saturday 20th February and Sunday 20th March. Originally a few scenes between the Doctor and Ace were set inside the TARDIS, but these were changed to allow the

### SCRIPTING
### JACOBEAN THEATRE AND NAZI LEGENDS

Two influences which shaped the serial's antagonists came from Clarke's fondness of Jacobean theatre and his desire to write about the nature of pure evil. The first gave birth to Lady Peinforte (inspired by the 17th century legal torture, *peine forte et dure*, where weights were placed on the body), a 17th century character embodying the Jacobean themes of madness, murder and political power. To represent evil, Clarke created a group of Neo-Nazis led by De Flores – the name coming from Thomas Middleton and William Rowley's 1622 play *The Changeling*. Clarke's study of the Nazis' interest in the occult led him to the legend of the Spear of Destiny, an object which caused those possessing it to commit atrocities.

serial to be made on location. Because of this, Ace's ghetto-blaster was introduced to remove the need for the TARDIS scanner, and these dialogue scenes re-scripted to take place at exteriors such as the riverbank.

The script for Part One stated the date for the present-day material as 23rd November 1988, the anniversary of the series itself. The attack on the Doctor and Ace has the two men in metallic headphones (referred to as the Walkmen) driving at the pair in a car and then cutting them off from the TARDIS. Clarke indicated that De Flores' home in South America should house "a number of missing paintings. Van Gogh, Renoir, Monet". When Peinforte and Richard arrive in 1988, her house is a pub instead of a tea room, and is closed because it is night-time. The area where the meteor lands is a building site, and it was hoped that much of the serial would be set at night-time.

Clarke took eight weeks to write the three scripts, but was still tinkering with them seven months after his initial draft. The script for Part Two was delivered on Sunday 20th March, and in it Clarke referred to *Dragonfire* author Ian Briggs in the scene where Richard prays for forgiveness: "I'll return to Briggs his money . . ." Originally, Peinforte and Richard come across lions in the safari park around the crypt (subsequently changed to llamas), and Peinforte's comments that bears pursuing people only happens in the theatre was a reference to the stage direction "exit pursued by a bear" from Shakespeare's *A Winter's Tale*.

The final script was delivered on Monday 11th April, and contained a small slip where Richard refers to Windsor as being two days ride from London – it is in fact far closer. The American tourist was originally a man called Milton P Remington and the script specified that in the climax of the serial there should be a total of seven Cybermen, including the Leader and Lieutenant. The main battle sequence was a cat-and-mouse chase through partly constructed buildings, with Ace evading the Cybermen by climbing down drainpipes. At one point, Ace is injured and finds blood on her face after the Cybermen fire their laser through a window next to her. Ace's flight then takes her up some stairs onto the roof of the building.

In the final confrontation between the Doctor and the Cyber Leader, there was considerably more dialogue when the Cyber Leader threatens to kill Ace unless the Doctor hands over control of the statue. "Didn't you hear me?" replies the Doctor, "I can't. Even if I wanted to. This is technology beyond your comprehension. It can't be reprogrammed." The Leader orders the Doctor to prevent the statue's launch, but the Doctor explains that when the fleet arrives, it will still be destroyed – along with the Earth. The Leader threatens to destroy the Doctor, and the Time Lord remarks: "What's this? Hatred? Cybermen with emotions. Dear me. You're becoming defective." The final scene was set in 1988 with the Doctor and Ace taking Richard back to the jazz session at the pub from Part One.

*Nemesis* was confirmed in April 1988 as being the third story in production for the season, the plan being that it should conclude the run as close to the anniversary as possible. Joining Clough on the production team for both *Nemesis* and *The Happiness Patrol* were designer John Asbridge and costume supervisor Richard Croft (both from *Delta and the Bannermen* and *Dragonfire*), newly promoted visual effects designer Perry Brahan and make-up designer Dorka Nieradzik, who had handled several serials since *The Leisure Hive*.

It was hoped that one of the royal family, the stage-loving Prince Edward, would make a cameo appearance during a scene set at Windsor Castle in Part One, but the prince was too busy on other projects for the "£50 walk-on" part. Another royal disappointment occured when production manager Gary Downie contacted Buckingham Palace for permission to record at Windsor Castle, only to be told that only documentary units could work there. Searching for a similar building, he settled on Arundel Castle which offered a folly on its estate ideal for Lady Peinforte's crypt.

Preparations went awry around Saturday 28th May when an asbestos scare hit the BBC Television Centre. With the closure of many studios, the preceding serial – *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* – was badly hit, and the plan of completing the story by Thursday 16th June was abandoned. The serial was rescheduled to be recorded in a tent erected at BBC Elstree through to Saturday 18th June – meaning two days' planned rehearsal on *Nemesis* were lost.

On Wednesday 8th June the opening scene of Part One was rewritten, with the Doctor commenting to Ace about how he got quite annoyed when jazz went through its audiophonic lasers phase in a few years' time, and how Louis Armstrong once told him that "music would always survive". The unfinished chess game in Peinforte's study was added, and some of the dialogue with the mathematician was reworked, as were the scenes between the Doctor and Ace on the riverbank and in the castle vaults. Many of the scenes involving the arrival of the Nemesis were rewritten (although still set at night), including the Nazi's arrival and all the police material. The element's name, Makarianite, was changed to Validium at this point.

The rewrites also affected the scenes between the Doctor and the security men at the castle, with the Doctor now unsuccessfully trying to distract the security men by pointing behind them. The confrontation between De Flores and the Doctor at the end of Part One was also rewritten slightly. The script indicated that the Cybermen were already present at the building site, with their spaceship invisible – and that it was its unveiling at the end of the episode that distracted the Nazis from killing Ace.

Parts Two and Three had rewrites on Thursday 9th June. A new scene of the Doctor and Ace returning to 1638 was added, introducing more of the chess sub-theme, plus extensive rewrites when they returned to the countryside of 1988, including references to Gallifrey, Omega and Rassilon. Other rewrites included the Cybermen waiting for the rest of the Validium in the crypt, the Doctor and Ace jamming the Cybermen signals, the arrival of Lady Peinforte in the crypt, the Nazis discussing Peinforte, Ace's regret at killing the Walkmen and the Doctor and Ace discussing the effects of Nemesis every 25 years.

The rewrites in Part Three included the scene of Lady Peinforte and Richard emerging from the secret passage, Ace telling the Doctor how she is scared and the Cybermen listening to the jazz. The crypt scene with the Doctor confronting the Cybermen had the Doctor responding to the Cyber Leader's "What do you want?": "You Cybermen do go in for obvious questions, don't you? You always have talked in such a dull way. You know everything's always (MIMICS) 'Kill him' or 'Excellent'. But obvious questions beg obvious answers. Nothing. Have I lost you? I want nothing. (SUDDENLY STEELY) Nothing lasts forever." The Cyber Leader then demands the bow, with the Doctor remarking: "Patience, patience. I thought we'd have a little chat first. Relive old times. Look to the future."

Another new scene with the Doctor and Ace returning to 1638 for some more chess moves was inserted. The sequences with Milton Remington were rewritten for a character called Miss Hackensack when Nathan-Turner managed to obtain the services of American musical star Dolores Grey for a cameo while the actress was in London appearing in *Follies*.

The script for Part Three made direct reference to Flowerchild's golden earring (from *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*), which Ace indicated she could break up as a weapon against the Cybermen. The dialogue with Peinforte threatening to reveal the Doctor's secret was heavily restructured. The final scene was rewritten to take place in 1638, with a young woman scripted as playing the recorder to the Doctor in the absence of any jazz (in the final version the woman played the lute and Richard the recorder).

By Tuesday 14th June the serial had been retitled to *Silver Nemesis* to emphasize the silver anniversary. The first read-through was moved forward to Thursday 16th and held at BBC Elstree where recording was ending on *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*. Although McCoy could be released to attend, recording that day required Aldred – whose lines in *Silver Nemesis* were read by AFM Lynn Grant. This confused Dolores Grey who believed that Grant was actually playing Ace.

The main guest star was veteran German actor Anton Diffring, famous for films such as *Albert RN* and *Zeppelin*. Never having seen *Doctor Who*, he was given a tape of *Dragonfire* and was less than impressed. Lady Peinforte was played by Fiona Walker, whose first television work had been in *Doctor Who* (Kala in *The Keys of Marinus* in 1964) and who had also appeared in *I, Claudius*. Leslie French, an actor originally considered to play the Doctor in 1963, won the cameo role of the Mathematician. Gerard Murphy of the Royal Shakespeare Company was cast as Richard.

Returning in the roles they had created in *Earthshock* were David Banks and Mark Hardy as the Cyber Leader and Lieutenant. Banks was now writing a book entitled *Doctor Who – Cybermen* while Hardy had returned from the USA especially for the serial. Brian Orrell had also previously played a Cyberman in *Attack of the Cybermen*.

*Silver Nemesis* was the subject of *The Making of Doctor Who*, a documentary produced, written and introduced by Eric Luskin and directed by Freddie Chisholm. This co-production of the New Jersey Network and Lionheart (the BBC's American distributors) was a follow-up to three earlier programmes and was planned as a pledge-week special for PBS stations.

The documentary crew were present on Monday 20th for rehearsals and the producer's run in the BBC's Acton facility. Nieradzik arranged the Nemesis face with Walker, making a latex mask to avoid skin painting but still blacking out her teeth. The Nemesis statue was a collaboration between costume and make-up, and both mask and costume were covered in Front Axial Projection (FAP) material. This reflective material allowed pulsed lights around the camera lens to be reflected back, making the coated object appear to be glowing. The documentary crew also covered Hardy and Orrell trying on the new Cybermen costumes, and continued recording on Tuesday 21st with the technical meeting at Acton and an interview with composer Keff McCulloch as he scored *Remembrance of the Daleks*.

OB recording began on Wednesday 22nd June at the disused Greenwich Gas Works at Tunnel Avenue near the Blackwall Tunnel in

## CASTING GUEST STARS

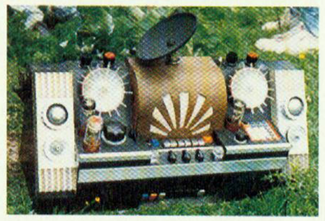
Casting began in late April. The cameo of the mathematician in Part One was offered to Geoffrey Bayldon on Tuesday 19th April – Bayldon was best known as Catweazle and had played Organon in *The Creature from the Pit*. The role of Richard was offered to two unidentified actors: 'Simon' on Wednesday 20th and 'Alun' on Thursday 21st. Billie Whitelaw was the first to be offered the part of Lady Peinforte on Sunday 24th, while Richard Vernon was offered the mathematician on Thursday 28th. Three further actresses were approached regarding Lady Peinforte: Anna Massey on Wednesday 11th May, Penelope Wilton on Tuesday 17th and Sarah Badel on Thursday 19th. On Friday 20th May, De Flores was offered to Charles Grey, on the actor's understanding that a German accent would not be required.

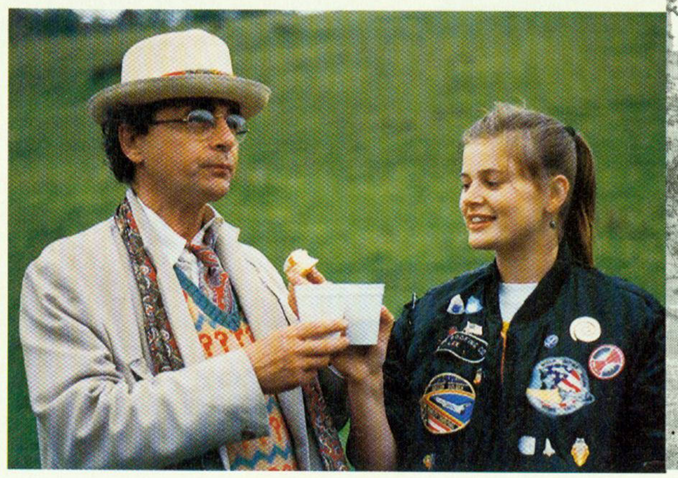
## MUSIC COURTNEY PINE

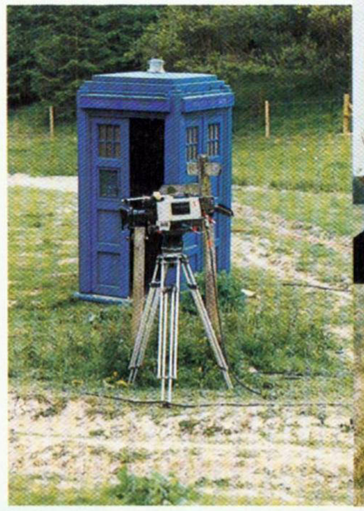
To play the "black jazz quartet" described in Kevin Clarke's script, another cameo was arranged for the successful Courtney Pine and his quartet – Pine being a hero of Clarke's. The group recorded three tracks composed by Pine at Lime Grove Studios on Sunday 12th June, these being one minute of *Pe Pi Po* and eight seconds of *Adrian's Affair* (for the pub scene in Part One) and a total of 35 seconds of *Frank's Quest* used to jam the Cyberman transmissions in Part Two.

## COSTUMES THE CYBERMEN

New, lighter Cyberman costumes were designed for the serial by Richard Croft. The bodies were based on World War II G-suits sprayed with silver car paint and emulsion glue stencilled through a metal mesh. The chest units and helmets were vacuum-formed with a mirrored silver jaw (necessitating make-up of the actors' mouths), a microphone in the helmet (which could now be easily unclipped) and a transmitter in the collar.

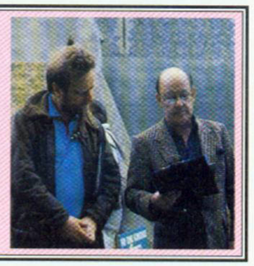






## OB RECORDING TOURIST CAMEOS

It had been suggested by John Nathan-Turner that the tourist extras could include some cameos by members of the production team – directors Andrew Morgan, Peter Moffatt and Fiona Cumming as well as PA Ian Fraser (Cumming's husband). Late on they were joined by Nicholas Courtney, former PA Kathleen Bidmead, author Graeme Curry and Kevin Clarke. The tour guide was Vere Lorrimer [pictured right, with clipboard] – a retired BBC producer/director who had worked extensively on *Blake's 7*.



London. Clough had originally hoped to use a disused power station on the North Acton Industrial Estate, but the Electricity Board suddenly withdrew permission. After that, Downie found a derelict power station at Kingston-on-Thames which would cost £30,000 to decontaminate. Downie instead contacted the Gas Board, who recommended the Greenwich site.

The scenes to be recorded on the first day comprised all the scenes for Part One set at the "open space, Windsor" surrounding the arrival of the comet.

The two heavies hired as the Walkmen were Dave and John Ould, two genial men who had been drivers to the notorious Kray brothers, and who acted in unison throughout the serial. The meteor was a full-size prop made by an outside contractor to Brahan's design, and housed a polystyrene mock-up of the Nemesis statue.

The documentary crew joined the team at Greenwich on Thursday 23rd, starting with the recording of the climax to Part One (postponed from the previous day) and continuing with the building site scenes from Part Two. It seems that during these sequences, some dialogue between the Doctor and De Flores at the end of Part One was lost. In this, the Doctor notes the smell of nerve gas which is "more efficient than the stuff you were familiar with", and points out that it is strange that all the police radios and cars failed at the same time, before warning the Nazis that "there are creatures in the universe which make you look as dangerous as babies. And they're here for the same reason you are". During the battle in Part Two, a section of dialogue between the Doctor and Ace was dropped in which the Doctor considers how his calculations for launching the meteor went wrong "while people are trying to kill each other all around you. No wonder I got the sums wrong".

As with the Nemesis costume, the bow and the arrow were also coated with FAP material to glow on cue. Visual effects arranged for debris to fall away from the comet as the statue inside began to come to life. For the final scene of Part One – which Clough interpreted as the Cyberman spaceship landing – a wind machine and bright lights were used on the bystanders.

In the battle, the new Cyberman guns were used – these fired a small flash charge and therefore did not require video effects. Another key effect was the exploding chest units of the Cybermen shot by Peinforte's gold-tipped arrows. For the shot where the Doctor and Ace leapt into the crater, McCoy and Aldred landed on an out-of-shot mattress. The stunts arranger was Nick Gillard (taking over from Tip Tipping at short notice), with stuntman Paul Heasman performing all the Cybermen deaths. Only the doorway of the spaceship was built on location, and later lined up with the model of the craft's hull.

Earlier delays meant that most of the day was spent on this action sequence, and several other scenes had to be held over to the following day or abandoned. One such scene appears to have been intended for Part Three, and saw the TARDIS returning to the building site, with the Doctor emerging to remove the gold-tipped arrow from the door and making sure that the policemen are still asleep. The remaining casualties were two model shots of the comet approaching Earth, and the scenes inside the hangar for Part Two and part of Part Three. Despite the rush, the documentary team secured a number of interviews with cast and crew.

Friday 24th – "The Day of Chaos" or "Black Friday" – became a panic to complete the required scenes. The Ould brothers were not available, so some scenes in Part Two intended to include them were taped without them, making their appearance in the finished programme erratic. The day was devoted to all the hangar interior scenes; principally the action sequence in Part Three.

The narrative was reworked to have the TARDIS land in the hanger itself. Ace's conversation with the statue, the chess analogies and the bulk of Peinforte's dialogue about the Doctor's origins were written close to recording. At the end of the last scene in the hanger, the rewritten script had the Doctor offering to buy Richard a drink on the way back to 1638 in return for his help, to which Richard replied that he would be buying the drinks. Much of this was semi-improvised, recorded without time for rehearsal.

Walker appeared in her statue costume for the first part of the day, and later as Lady Peinforte for the scene where she "merged" with herself. Visual effects were kept busy with explosions as Ace fired gold coins into Cybermen chest units, a dummy Cyberman falling from the gantry and also the working flame jets that came out of the back of the moving comet prop. The closing scene was recorded with only an hour to go, followed by some brief pick-up shots.

Saturday 25th was a day off, and on the morning of Sunday 26th most of the cast and crew travelled south to Worthing, the base for the week. Taping began with the scenes of the skinheads hanging from the trees in Part Two, as the crew awaited the arrival of McCoy (the star having thought his call was not until 2pm that day), and continued with the secret passage exit scene (a firing range dressed with brickwork and a door) as Peinforte and Richard emerged in Part Three, the TARDIS' arrival in the valley for Part Two and all the scenes of the Doctor and Ace in the countryside. Dave Chapman's second unit recorded pick-up shots of clear blue sky for the spaceship scenes because the sky had clouded over at Greenwich, and the documentary crew were busy interviewing once more.

## EDITING

Many scenes were swapped around in editing – originally the serial opened with the comet, then the Doctor and Ace at the pub, then the 1638 sequence and finally the South American scenes of De Flores. Also notable was the reworking of the scenes involving the Nazis and Cybermen at the start of Part Three where the sequences of Karl pretending to betray De Flores to the Cyber Leader were removed – although brief shots of De Flores wearing silver headphones were retained and De Flores' abortive escape using gold dust became his actual escape later in the episode. 11 seconds of stock OB Ents and Events videotape from *Songs of Praise* showing the real Windsor Castle was inserted into Part One as an establishing shot. All the episodes overran to some extent, Part One having about five minutes of material removed from it for transmission. A cut made at the start of Part Two had Richard commenting of the Doctor, "his face has changed" and Peinforte adding, "The wench's too, but . . . of course. Why, toads and adders can be leaders of men, can the Doctor not change his face?" On seeing the TARDIS she then added, "Oh glorious evil. It is he". The original script by Clarke had referred to the first Doctor and Susan at this point.

Arundel Castle itself was the venue for Monday 27th June, starting with the exterior scenes in the private grounds of "Windsor Castle" with royal-lookalike Mary Reynolds as the Queen (accompanied by three corgis), after which the first scene with the tour party was taped. The TARDIS was arranged to materialise on the left-hand side of the picture with the tourists on the right as a split-screen shot.

Taping continued through to the drawing room scenes in which the Doctor and Ace were pursued by the security men. For the scene of the Doctor and Ace entering the corridors of the castle, the Doctor's comment that "The worst people the Earth has to offer will be on their way to Windsor right now" was dropped. The Doctor's use of his spectacles to hypnotise the guards was not specified in the script. The corridor scenes of the security men apprehending the travellers were taped next, followed by a sequence in which Ace spots a portrait of herself. This portrait was painted by the design team from a special photo session which Aldred had posed for some time earlier. The remaining scenes that day were set in the Windsor Castle vaults for Part One. A photocall was held that afternoon for the show's stars and "the Queen", and the day was again covered by the documentary team who interviewed Aldred and Lynne Grant.

The crew returned to three locations on the Arundel Estate on Tuesday 28th. The first work that day required a helicopter, which was recorded landing to simulate the arrival of the spaceship in Part Two. Unfortunately, the rotor blades caused less draft than expected and the expensive manoeuvre had to be repeated. Recording continued with scenes in the crypt and the nearby forest. Additional insert scenes included the death of the Cyber Leader – with Banks being allowed to record his own death after all instead of being doubled by McGuiness. Another photocall was held, this time showing the Doctor and Ace cutting a 25th birthday cake while being terrorised by Cybermen.

## COMPETITION AND AUDIENCE

*Silver Nemesis* Part One captured an audience of over six million, the largest since *Revelation of the Daleks* in 1985. Although the ratings tailed off, the serial had the highest overall figures for the season and a strong Appreciation Index. However, the series was still opposite *Coronation Street*, with the popular soap getting around 19 million tuning in. A BBC audience research study showed the serial to be the most popular of the season with good reactions also to the performances of McCoy and Aldred.

Wednesday 29th was again spent around the crypt, with Walker now changed into her Statue costume and mask for the final scenes of the reactivation of the Nemesis statue. Extreme lighting was used to enhance this sequence. For the scene where the Doctor activates the Nemesis, McCoy had earlier suggested rewriting the dialogue around a chess theme, and did this just before recording with help from the book *Chess for Children*.

The unit moved to Arundel itself for Thursday 30th June. First to be taped were scenes in the Nazis' van during Part Two, followed by a couple of sequences with the vehicle parked on the town outskirts. The Windsor high street scenes were then recorded, with Clarke making a second appearance as a passerby. During the scenes of Richard attempting to thumb a lift, Clarke made his third cameo as a car driver. The final scenes to be taped were those with Mrs Remington (as Miss Hackensack had now been renamed), with extra ad-libbed dialogue. At one point during the day, the police had to intervene when Downie had a confrontation with some uninvited reporters.

Friday 1st July was spent at St Mary's in Bramber near Steyning in Sussex, a building which featured as the interior and exterior of Lady Peinforte's house in 1638. After recording all the 1638 scenes, the interior was redressed to appear as the 1988 tea rooms for Part One. A small amount of dialogue of Richard and Peinforte watching the Nemesis return as the Mathematician predicted was not recorded, along with Peinforte's comments that she and Richard will be able to "pass among them (the peasants) unnoticed". A balsa wood replica was made of the Elizabethan french windows for Lady Peinforte to smash with a chair. Rain delayed taping of the outdoor scenes.

The regulars were not needed on Saturday 2nd, where recording took place at "Casa Del Mar", a private house on the Marine Parade at Goring-by-the-Sea in Sussex. This was the interior and exterior of De Flores' house in Part One. Downie had originally scouted for such houses in the Gerrards Cross area, but found them all to be of the wrong architecture. It was while negotiating fees with the hotel in Worthing that the manager suggested the house, owned by his friend.

Sunday 3rd and Monday 4th were days off, and recording concluded on Tuesday 5th July as the cast and crew travelled up to Harefield. Black Jack's Mill Restaurant off Park Lane was used to record the scenes at the Pub Garden and riverbank for Part One – the venue had been found by Downie when scouting for another programme. Courtney Pine played saxophone and was joined by Adrian Reid on piano, Ernest Mothle on double bass and Frank Tontoh on drums. Also recorded on this day was some dialogue for a special anniversary trailer. This began with Ace and the Doctor chatting about his 25 years of time travel, and Ace asking if he'll ever give up – and after a sequence of clips from the new serials ended with the Doctor bundling Ace into the TARDIS and murmuring ". . . it's only just beginning."

Because McCoy was ill with a bad cold, it was decided that Heasman would double for him in the fall into the river, although Aldred performed her own stunt.

With main location recording completed, a small amount of model shooting on 35mm silent film was produced in Elstree car park, with Bill Dudman shooting the Cyberman spaceships against a black background for Parts Two and Three, as well as the explosion of the spaceship in Part Two (with model trees hiding the blocks of flats in background) and the Nemesis blasting out of the crypt in Part Three.

Several scenes were enhanced by image manipulation on Paintbox, operated by Jim McCarthy. This created the forest behind De Flores' villa, removed the dormer windows from Peinforte's house (and painted out the rain) as well as duplicating the Cyberman spaceship and pulsing lights on it. CSO was used to lay the spaceship model over the helicopter footage in Part Two, although the rotor blades of the machine could be seen in some shots.

## VIDEO RELEASE RESTORED MATERIAL

**Part One:** De Flores addressing his men about Hitler; Richard reminding Peinforte about the blood they need; the "duck" gag at the TARDIS; two scenes of the Nazis talking in the van at Windsor; extra shots of the 'celebrity' tourists; the Doctor hypnotising the palace guards; the Walkmen receiving instructions from the shadow of a Cyberman; the Doctor and Ace finding Ace's portrait while fleeing the security men.

**Part Two:** the Cyber Leader commenting on the Doctor's new appearance and some extra battle shots; the Doctor and Ace returning to Lady Peinforte's house; the Cybermen carrying the statue into their ship; De Flores telling Karl about the rewriting of Wagner.

**Part Three:** the Doctor explaining how they have to get the bow to the statue; Karl handing De Flores over to the Cybermen; Peinforte raving about being the mistress of time; Richard leaving Peinforte in a bus shelter; the Doctor telling Ace never to cause explosions again; Mrs Remington telling her chauffeur to pull over; Karl rescuing De Flores from a Cyberman guard; Mrs Remington asking Richard if he is a student; the Cyber Leader's speech about the new Mondas; Mrs Remington photographing the departing Nemesis.

Video effects added by Chapman included the blue globe images appearing on Ace's ghetto-blaster dish, the arrival of the Nemesis in Part One, the journey through time for Peinforte and Richard, sparks flashing across the Walkmen as they got their orders in Part One and died in Part Two, the arrival of the floating Nemesis in the hanger in Part Three, the merging of Lady Peinforte with her statue alter-ego, the departure of the meteor and the explosions overlaid on the Cyber Fleet.

Scene-setting captions were used in Part One over the establishing shot of De Flores' villa and Lady Peinforte's house. Keff McCulloch provided a complete music score.

It became clear that because of the BBC's Olympic coverage in September, *Doctor Who* would not be scheduled as planned. Nathan-Turner rearranged the schedules to start broadcasting on Wednesday 5th October with *Remembrance of the Daleks*, and then transmit *The Happiness Patrol* to allow *Silver Nemesis* Part One to go out on the anniversary itself: Wednesday 23rd November. This meant that *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* was going out last – showing Ace finding the earring she had already worn in *Silver Nemesis*, and looking for her rucksack which she had blown up in the Cyberman spaceship.

*The Making of Doctor Who* integrated material from *Did You See . . ?* (13/03/82), *The Lively Arts: Whose Doctor Who* (03/04/77) and *Attack of the Cybermen* Part Two, and used as its theme *Doctorin' the TARDIS*. This single had reached No 1 in the UK charts on Sunday 12th June. The documentary premiered on Saturday 19th November in New Jersey, with special guests McCoy and Aldred. Nathan-Turner attempted to have the programme broadcast in the UK, but found it dismissed by the BBC as being too American.

The serial was trailed extensively on BBC television, alongside an extract from *The Web Planet: The Zarbi* to emphasize the anniversary. On Thursday 17th November *Radio Times* included a four-page colour feature entitled *Who's With Doctor Who* in which Johnny Black studied the companions over the 25 years, and Sylvester McCoy contributed to the *My Kind of Day* section.

*Silver Nemesis* was broadcast on BBC1 but parts Two and Three received their world premieres in New Zealand, where Television New Zealand screened a compilation version of the story on Friday 25th November.

The serial was sold abroad to various countries, with Australia broadcasting it in October 1990, Germany screening it as *Das Vermachtnis der Nemesis* (*The Legacy of the Nemesis* – set in 1989) and in North America it also airs as a one hour 10-minute TV movie.

Clarke novelised his serial as *Doctor Who – Silver Nemesis*, which was published in paperback by Target Books in November 1989 with a cover painting by Alister Pearson. The book restored much of the deleted footage, and was Book No 143 in the Target Library. The adaptation was reprinted in September 1993 with new cover, again by Pearson.

In early 1993 Nathan-Turner was working on *Doctor Who* projects for BBC Enterprises and received clearance for a special video release of *Silver Nemesis* for the anniversary year. With limited time and money, he attempted to reinstate most of the missing sequences from the existing recording spools and first edits into the broadcast episodes. The new scenes in Parts Two and Three required 61 seconds of music to be lifted from other sections, along with the accompanying sound effects. This was released in April 1993 – along with a slightly edited version of *The Making of Doctor Who*, cut due to rights problems with the use of extracts scripted by Eric Saward.

The sound effects of the Cyberman spaceship and the Nemesis statue from the serial featured on a CD, *Doctor Who – 30 Years at the Radiophonic Workshop* issued by the BBC in July 1993. *Silver Nemesis* was broadcast in episodic and compilation form on UK Gold in December 1994/January 1995. The serial is retained by the BBC on its original one-inch videotape and also in the form of its first edits and raw OB material.

*Andrew Pixley*

## SERIAL 7K SILVER NEMESIS

**CAST** Sylvester McCoy (*The Doctor*) with Metin Yenal (*Karl*), Anton Diffring (*De Flores*), Fiona Walker (*Lady Peinforte*), Gerard Murphy (*Richard*), Leslie French (*Mathematician*) [1], Courtney Pine and Adrian Read, Ernest Mothle, Frank Tontoh (*Jazz Quartet*) [1], Sophie Aldred (*Ace*), Martyn Read (*Security Guard*) [1], David Banks (*Cyber Leader*), Mark Hardy (*Cyber Lieutenant*) [2-3], Chris Chering, Symond Lawes (*Skinheads*)* [2], Brian Orrell (*Cyberman*)** [2-3], Dolores Gray (*Mrs Remington*) [3].

* Billed in *Radio Times* as First Skinhead and Second Skinhead

** Billed in *Radio Times* as First Cyberman

**EXTRAS** Terry Duran (*De Flores' Gardener*); John Baker, Steve Ausden, Jamie Durdy, Jack Talbot, Sean Barry-Weske, Andrew Searle, Keith Harvie, David Howarth, Julian Redmond, Sean McCrory (*Paramilitaries*); Jacquella Tew (*De Flores' Maid*); John Ould, Dave Ould (*Walkmen*); Paul Heasman (*Stuntman/Double for The Doctor*); Sylvia Victor, Rosamund Hartley (*Ladies in Tea Room*); Wendy Florence (*Waitress*); Christian Fletcher, Daryl Brook, Mike Mungarvan (*Policemen*); Duncan Brown (*Sentry*); Ian Fraser, Fiona Cumming, Andrew Morgan, Peter Moffatt, Sally Anne Meese, Nicholas Courtney, Kathleen Bidmead, Stephen Claire, Graeme Curry, Kevin Clarke, Jane Busby, Katy Jarrett, Sharon Granville, Sandra Granville, Audrey Joyce, Pat Worth, Gary Webb, John Lewery, Tony Stewart (*Tourists at Windsor Castle*); Vere Lorrimer (*Tourist Guide*); Mary Reynolds (*Queen Elizabeth II*); Derek Van Weenan (*Security Man*); Danny Boyd, Paul Barrass, Scott Mitchell, Tony Carlton, Bill Malin (*Cybermen*); Paul Heasman (*Stuntman/Cyberman*); Kevin Clarke (*Passerby*); Fiona Walker (*Statue*); Ricardo Mulhall (*Hitchhiker*); Kevin Clarke (*Driver*); Unknown (*Chauffeur*); Karen Young (*1638 Young Woman*).

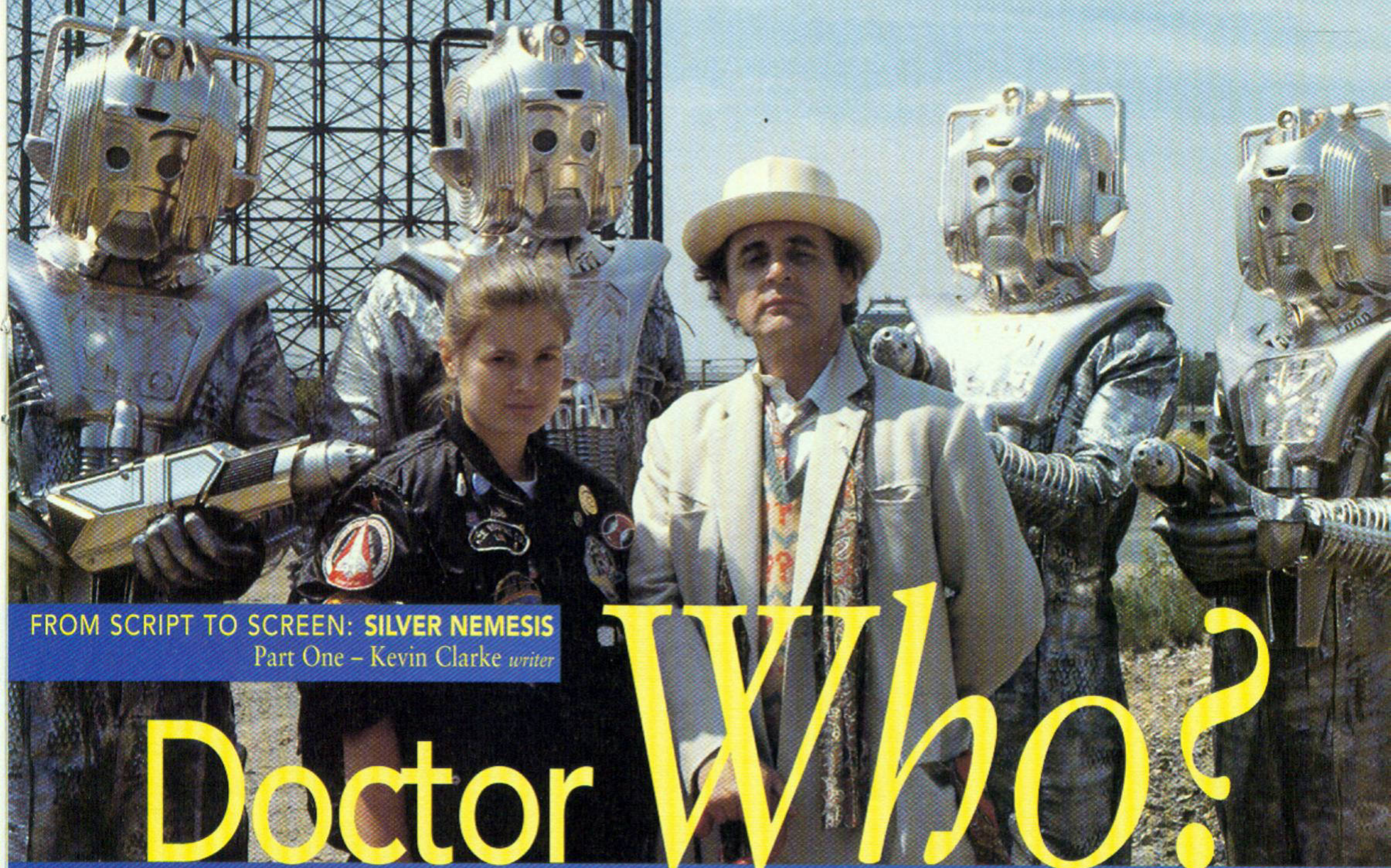
**CREDITS** Written by Kevin Clarke. Stunt Arrangers: Paul Heasman [1-2], Nick Gillard [2]. Theme Music Composed By Ron Grainer. Theme Arrangement/Incidental Music: Keff McCulloch. Special Sound: Dick Mills. Production Manager: Gary Downie. Production Associate: June Collins. Production Assistant: Jane Wellesley. Assistant Floor Managers: Lynn Grant, Jeremy Fry. Visual Effects Designer: Perry Brahan. Video Effects: Dave Chapman. Paintbox Artist: Jim McCarthy. Engineering Manager: Brian Jones. OB Cameramen: Barry Chaston, Alan Jessop. Film Cameraman: William Dudman. Video-Tape Editor: Hugh Parson. Vision Mixer: Barbara Gainsley. Properties Buyer: John Charles. Lighting: Ian Dow. Sound: John Nottage [1-3], Trevor Webster [1], Scott Talbott [2-3]. Costume Designer: Richard Croft. Make-Up Designer: Dorka Nieradzik. Script Editor: Andrew Cartmel. Graphic Designer: Oliver Elmes. Computer Animation: CAL Video [3]. Designer: John Asbridge. Producer: John Nathan-Turner. Director: Chris Clough. BBC © 1988.

**UK BROADCAST DETAILS**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Part One | 23rd November 1988 | 7.35pm-8.00pm |
| Part Two | 30th November 1988 | 7.35pm-8.00pm |
| Part Three | 7th December 1988 | 7.35pm-8.00pm |

**Viewing Figures:**
Part One 6.1M (76th)
Part Two 5.2M (94th)
Part Three 5.2M (98th)

**Audience Appreciation Figures:**
Part One 71%
Part Two 70%
Part Three 70%



FROM SCRIPT TO SCREEN: **SILVER NEMESIS**
Part One – Kevin Clarke *writer*

# Doctor Who?

**Scriptwriter Kevin Clarke was the man behind the 25th anniversary story *Silver Nemesis*, the tale that dared to ask who the Doctor *really* was. Peter Griffiths finally gets an answer . . .**

"About nine years ago the BBC attempted to set up a writers' scheme to parallel their very famous directors' course. I was there at the right place and the right time, so I was invited to apply. I didn't take it very seriously at first, but when I was successful my agent pointed out how stiff the competition had been for the seven places available. The Beeb wheeled out everybody who was anybody – we even had two afternoons with Michael Grade. From there, I wrote a couple of episodes of *Casualty* and other BBC series, and one day a producer I knew called Caroline Alton stopped me on the stairs in Threshold House and said, 'Did you know *Doctor Who* are looking for people?' I was a bit disparaging, and she looked at me very wisely and said, 'You've got to keep knocking them down, darling.' I thought, 'Yeah, don't be stupid. Say yes to everything.' Caroline assured me I would get along with this guy called Andrew Cartmel, so I gave him a call."

For Kevin Clarke, this was the first step towards writing *Doctor Who*'s twenty-fifth anniversary story, *Silver Nemesis*, but the journey to this point in his career was altogether more circuitous, beginning in Birkenhead, near Liverpool, where the young Kevin was originally a guitarist. "A very poor guitarist, it has to be said. After two or three years I got rather tired of being poor and decided it was time I made a lot of money. Naturally, I went to drama school and trained as an actor. I discovered I didn't like that and thought about being a director, but I wasn't clever enough. The only option left was to be a drama teacher, so I went to a very liberal part of Leeds University and supposedly trained as one. These were the early seventies, a time of great fun, and there were people like David Rappaport doing various things there. Perhaps they were only interesting at the time.

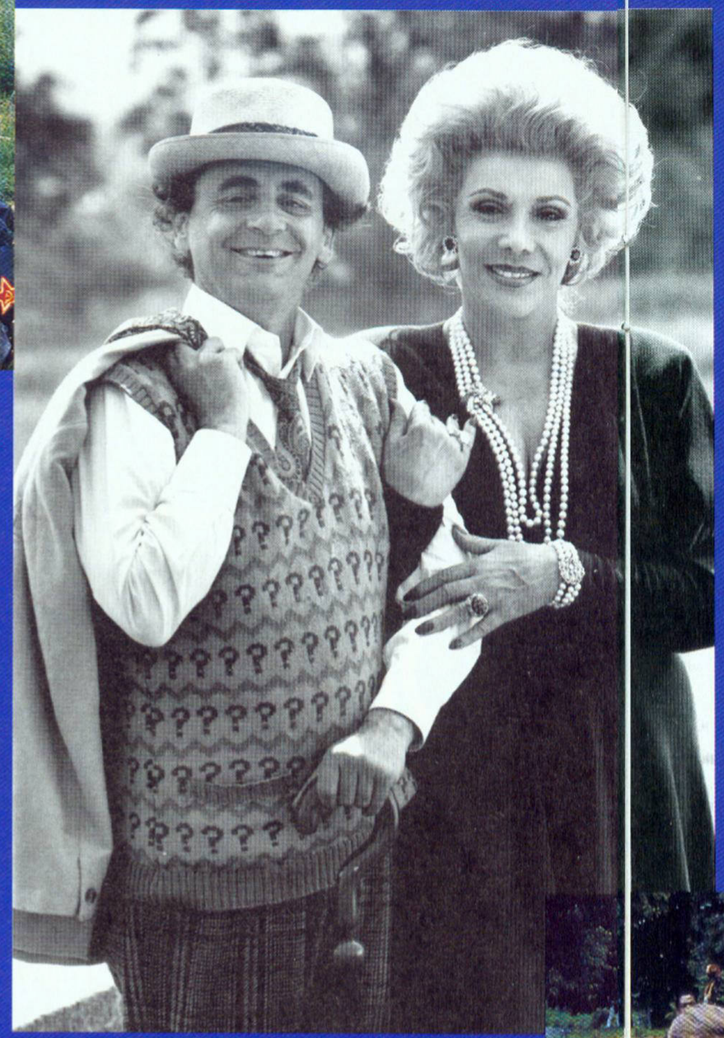
"When I went in they were crying out for drama teachers. When I came out they weren't, so I came down to London and got a job playing guitar in a restaurant. The old saying runs, 'It's not what you know, but who', which is true, but no-one was waiting to shake my hand when I got off the bus at Victoria coach station on November the 10th, 1975." Kevin began teaching reluctantly at Aldford comprehensive school to pay the bills. "When a man is tired of Aldford, he is tired of death. The only work I enjoyed doing was after hours, tackling school plays with very disaffected East End teenagers. Most of them couldn't read very well, but I soon discovered what theatre was all about. I was doing multi-racial casting six years before the National Theatre even thought about it.

"I'd decided that I wanted to be a playwright almost the day I left college, but I didn't know how to go about it. I didn't know where you crossed the line which allowed you to say: 'I am a writer.' I would get home at about seven or eight o'clock in the evenings, often after rehearsals for the school play, and I'd sit down and write. It was sometimes only half an hour before the brain packed in, but laboriously I turned out my first play. I sent it off to everybody – 'Dear sir, please find enclosed . . .' I was amazed in those days to get a reply. The realisation gradually dawned that I should start writing at nine o'clock in the morning rather than nine o'clock at night, but the trick was to take the plunge, which I eventually did.

**"They were looking for something special. I said, 'Well, I've got just the thing.'"**

"My first play was turned down by everybody, so, hurt and disillusioned, I wrote a second with a friend called Josh Goldstein. He had to go back to New York, and I was based in London, so we

**Above:** The Doctor (Sylvester McCoy) and Ace (Sophie Aldred) surrounded by their silver foes. Photo © BBC Video



**Above:** The Doctor and Ace come up with a jazzy way of jamming the Cybermen's transmissions . . . Photo © Mike Tucker

**Right:** Sylvester McCoy poses with *Silver Nemesis* guest star Dolores Gray.

were both trying to get it on the stage. He managed it, so I had a play on in New York, which sounds much better than it is. The theatre was tiny, but it ran for three weeks, and people began to take me more seriously. I read scripts for theatres, and sometimes did manage to start writing at nine o'clock in the morning." Kevin met an enterprising young agent and had another sell-out play produced on the fringe. Among those queuing for tickets were some BBC script editors. "I didn't know what a script editor was in those days, but I tried to look as if I did. These people said, 'Why don't you come and write for television?', which was something I'd never thought about. I wrote the first episode of a six-part thriller on spec, and they bought that but not the series, a pattern which has repeated itself many times over the years. But I worked non-stop in television for perhaps seven years."

*Doctor Who*'s script editor, Andrew Cartmel, was not present at the theatre, but at the time he was equally interested in finding new writers. "When I contacted Andrew after running into Caroline Alton, I said, 'Look, I've only ever seen *Doctor Who* twice in my life. My Dad wouldn't let me watch it when I was young in case it frightened me.' But Andrew had read the script for my thriller and wanted to meet me. They only had one slot left in the season – the 25th anniversary story – so they were looking for something special. I said, 'Well, I've got just the thing,' and was invited in the next morning. I was to meet the producer as well, and in those days I regarded producers as very powerful, omniscient people, so, actually having no ideas at all, I was suitably terrified.

"Outside the Mobil garage on Shepherds Bush green, a thought suddenly struck me, so when we all sat down in the office and John Nathan-Turner and Andrew looked at me expectantly, I said, 'The question we have all been asking ourselves for 25 years is Doctor *Who*? Who is the Doctor?' They both leaned forward and said, 'Well, who is he?' 'Exactly,' I said. They sat back and digested this, and John said, 'But we don't know who he is.' Neither did I. Another silence followed, and I came out with: 'It's obvious. He came among us, mucked things up because he is so forgetful, but has sort-of worked it out in the end. He is God!' John and Andrew both looked terrified. John eventually said, 'You can do that as long as you don't say it.' I've always thought since that that sums up the attitude towards writers at the BBC. But I did do it, and I didn't say it."

## "One of my little jokes is that all of Lady Peinforte and Richard's dialogue is written in iambic pentameter."

Kevin found his feet in that first meeting, and came away with the beginning and end of his story firmly in mind. "I was now fired to write the story, which I hadn't been when I went in. The beginning was a meteor approaching the earth which contained a deadly secret. I didn't know what it was, but it threatened the entire existence of the world – this is *Doctor Who*, after all! I also knew the end would be Ace saying to the Doctor, 'There's still one question you haven't answered. Who are you?', with the Doctor giving a wink and a smile."

Rather rudely, I asked if that meant the middle was supplied by Andrew Cartmel? "No, it certainly wasn't! Andrew would have liked it to have been a collaboration, and may even have said that it was, but it wasn't!" So what was the thinking behind the rest of the story? "I wish I knew! The production team were anxious to get things started, so when I went back the next day with something on paper, I immediately asked for the Daleks, for two reasons. One, I thought they were the most exciting enemies the Doctor had dealt with; and two, they were the only ones I really knew. They said Ben Aaronovitch already had the Daleks, which I've never forgiven him for, but JN-T said, 'Look, it's the silver anniversary. Why don't you use the Cybermen?' If you look at the story, all the key elements are silver, even down to the car the American millionairess drives around in. That once belonged to John Lennon, incidentally. I was happy to accept the Cybermen, though I had no pre-knowledge of them. They gave me some previous episodes to watch, but in classic BBC fashion they'd lost most of them!

"I remember asking for the very first episodes as well, because although I thought the series had been flabby and boring for some years, I knew there was still something very strong if one could find it. I looked again and again at the first story, trying to figure out what it was that impressed me and why it was so good. The conclusion I came to was that they were dealing with the unknown, always the most terrifying stuff of drama. My premise was therefore a dark mystery where the Doctor didn't know who the enemy was or what they were after. I had the Cybermen, but I decided to double the odds with the elderly Nazi in South America, and having done that I decided to double them again with the Jacobean characters. I'm a student of English theatrical history, and I'm very interested in Jacobean drama. With it came most of the themes – incest, torture, finality and death, the fundamentals of drama. One of my little jokes is that all of Lady Peinforte and Richard's dialogue is written in iambic pentameter.

## "I wrote Courtney Pine in on the spurious pretext that the Doctor was a jazz fan."

"The idea of rhythm led to something I'm extremely interested in – jazz. At that time Courtney Pine had just come on the scene, and I thought he was culturally fascinating. He was the first black English jazz musician, and that's an incredible achievement for someone brought up in north-west London. What influenced him? I wanted to meet him, so I wrote him in on the spurious pretext that the Doctor was a jazz fan. Around the time, I was listening to Louis Armstrong playing one of the greatest jazz tracks ever recorded, *When They Swing That Music*. It does very clever things with time, almost turning time on its head. I thought that would appeal to the Doctor; and, of course, if I had the power of time travel, the first thing I'd do is go back to 1926 New Orleans and talk to Louis. Andrew Cartmel changed the line to a much better one, but originally the Doctor told us that 'the only being in the entire dimensional reaches of space and time I've ever met who understands time as well as I do is Louis Armstrong.' Jazz became a motif of the story."

The ideas were there, but getting them to work coherently in three episodes was another matter. "I've never worked with another script editor like Andrew Cartmel. He was very demanding, and I was very demanding with him. It's difficult to describe. Normally I'd go away and write the script and come back three weeks later for some points from the script editor, but it wasn't like that on *Doctor Who*. I can't remember how long we worked on it, but it was a long time – perhaps eight months. We both nearly went crazy; I think we both *did* go crazy. One afternoon I said to him, 'We could go on writing this script forever.' From what we started with to what it became, and what it could have become, it was a huge journey.

"It was a lot to do with the chemistry between us as writer and editor. We pushed and provoked and goaded each other in a healthy and creative way. The routine was me getting up fairly early, writing until mid-afternoon and then taking what I'd done around to Andrew. He would read it while I had a cup of coffee and then we would talk about it for three or four hours. Some of the material would stay, and some would open up further possibilities. I would go away and do some more, and the next day it would happen all over again. We both started to go rather psychotic." Because you were on the same wavelength or because you weren't? "Because we were. It was an extremely weird wavelength which no-one else could receive. That's probably why we don't see each other now. We moved out of each other's orbit a few years ago."

What did the producer think of this system? "John did what a good producer should do. He only came into the process when we said we'd finished. Actually, we never did say we'd finished. John had to lean on Andrew and say, 'Look, you've been working on this for months. How about a look at the first episode?' We said, 'We've done 46 drafts, but it is getting better.' We knew where it was all going, but we hadn't got to that bit because we were still working on this bit. We finished it satisfactorily, but we could still be writing that script now. There came a point where we had to stop.

"I've got a lot to say about John Nathan-Turner, actually. He gave me a very big break and a free hand. He was an immensely experienced television practitioner, and he was always supportive and available. As the years have passed I've realised more and more the debt I owe that man. We became good friends, but until last year, when I bumped into him at the Notting Hill Carnival, I hadn't seen him since *Doctor Who*. He played a formative part in my early career, and I remain eternally grateful to him."

The scripts were finished, but they were far too long. "The episodes went, in minutes, something like 47, 35 and 38, so we knew things would have to go. I didn't like any of the cuts. I believed that everything was germane, and I even argued at one stage that they should expand the slot to four episodes, but John rightly said they wouldn't be able to sell the season abroad if they did that. But the scripts which ended up on the screen were not the scripts I had written. In those days I was relatively inexperienced so I left it to other people to cut them, but it's not a mistake I would make now."

Unusually, Kevin was present for almost every day of the *Silver Nemesis* shoot, allowing him to meet Anton Diffring, one of the stars of his childhood. "When I was 10 and first able to go to the pictures by myself on a Saturday afternoon, I always went to see war films. He was in all of them, of course, parading around in the smartest SS uniform on the set saying, 'Ve vill shoot the hostages!' Chris Clough, the director, suggested casting him. Who else could

**Left:** Sophie Aldred and Sylvester McCoy join Courtney Pine for an impromptu jazz session.

**Below:** De Flores (Anton Diffring) leads his Nazis on their quest for the *Silver Nemesis*.
Photos © BBC Video

**Right:** Sylvester McCoy on location for *Silver Nemesis*. Photo © Mike Tucker

**Below right:** Sylvester McCoy as the Doctor. Photo © BBC Video

you possibly have had to play an elderly Nazi? I couldn't believe he'd agreed to do it.

"Well, he created difficulties from the moment he arrived. Anton's *modus operandi* was to go in complaining and take it uphill from there! He moaned about everything: sometimes the coffee, sometimes the costume, but mostly about the script. He muttered his way through the first reading and came over to me afterwards, saying, 'I don't like this part.' I said, 'Oh yes. What's wrong with your part?' He grimaced. 'It's completely ridiculous! I don't like the script at all. I'm only doing it so I can see Wimbledon!' I said, 'Well, I greatly look forward to the next couple of weeks!' He looked at me suspiciously. The next time I saw him on the set, he beckoned me over, saying, 'Kevin, my part, my part!' I went over and said, 'What is it now?' This time it was the lines – he apparently didn't have enough. I said, 'I think you've got all the lines you need, and you don't know the ones you've got, frankly.' But he was still Anton Diffring. My father never really approved of anything I did, but when I told him I was doing a *Doctor Who* with Anton Diffring, he thought I was doing pretty well.

"Being a John Nathan-Turner production, there was copious drinking in the evenings. To everyone's surprise, Anton joined us one evening when we were based in Worthing, which is rather like an old people's resort. In a rare moment of good humour, he said to me, 'I think I am the youngest person here.' He didn't offer to buy any drinks, he just sat there until I bought one for him! For that he had to talk to me for a while. He told me the fascinating and highly polished story of his life, and I told him how he had always frightened me in the movies, and how he still did. 'Ridiculous!' he said."

Kevin recalled some of the problems the production team faced. "The previous story they had made, *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy*, had overrun quite vastly due to the problems with asbestos at the studio. Rehearsals for my story were a joke. They all sat in a room in Acton one morning and walked about a bit. It bore no relation at all to the conditions we filmed in. Sylvester didn't know his lines very well because of this, and he was also quite ill with flu during shooting. Consequently he improvised, being a veteran of the Ken Campbell Roadshow, and that was very painful to watch at times. Then came the edit, which had to accommodate the time slot available. That's all I have to say about that. I think Chris Clough did the best job that could be done under the circumstances.

"Don't get me wrong, I was immensely happy with the end result. Drama is a co-operative activity, which is something you have to accept when you're a writer. Other people bring qualities to the production. I remember Fiona Walker's performance with particular pleasure. Fiona is a very great and underrated actress, and we don't see nearly enough of her. I've since written a number of vehicles for her, but other people have been cast instead. She was one of the founding members of the Prospect Theatre Company, and she didn't get into that company for nothing. Watch *Far from the Madding Crowd* and the credits go Peter Finch, Alan Bates, Julie Christie, Fiona Walker. Being so experienced, she knew iambic pentameter when she read it, and she knew when I was parodying it and when I was doing it for real."

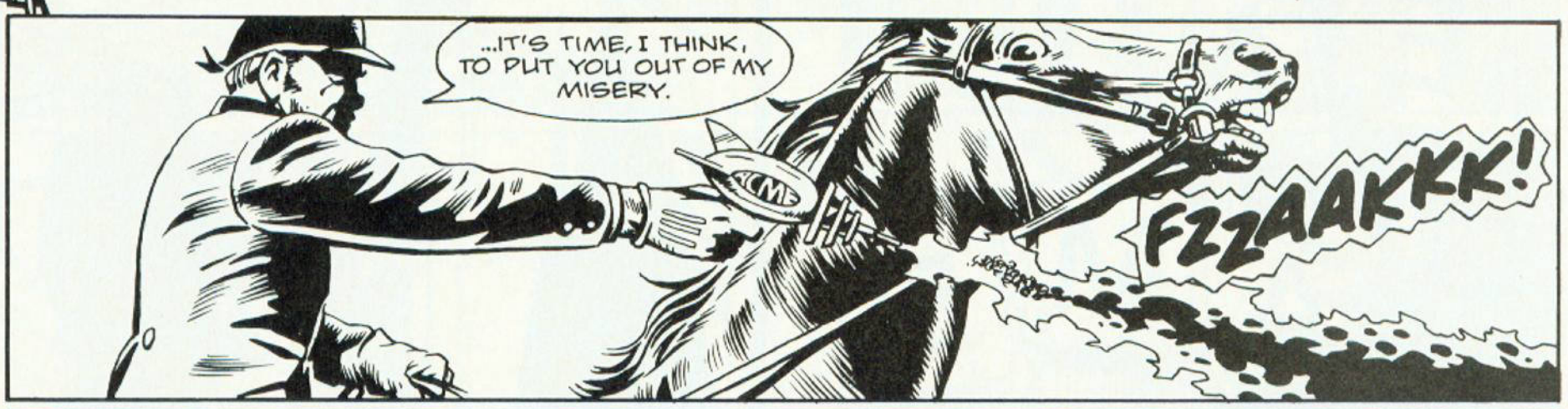
At this time in the show's history, most of the script writers novelised their own stories for Target books. "They'd asked me several months before, but I'd turned it down because I disliked the idea of taking every word I'd written for the television script and multiplying it by fifteen. But with the lure of the money at a later time when I didn't have a job on the horizon, I sat down and did it. I hated every moment of it, even to the point where I would do a set number of pages each day to force myself to finish it. The rather cynical dedication in the front is to someone called DHF Somerset, whose signature appeared on new bank notes at the time! I've been expecting a letter from the Bank of England ever since."

*Silver Nemesis* was Kevin's only contribution to the series. "I'm a bit of a gambler at times, and sometimes the only way to win at gambling is to quit while you're ahead. I've done the silver anniversary; the only way to top it is to do the gold. Besides, when I'd finished writing I was in a really strange state. I went out for a drink with my brother, and he said to me the next day, 'You know, you sat down and talked about *Doctor Who* for five hours.' That was what it was like. But it was immense fun, and a load of laughs. I don't think I'll ever again have the chance to write for the Courtney Pine quartet, creatures from outer space, the Fourth Reich and the Queen in one show." ◆

**"I've done the silver anniversary; the only way to top it is to do the gold."**

ONCE UPON A TIME, IN A SUNLIT MEADOW...
...THE ENGLISH WERE AT PLAY.
MARWOOD! COME QUICK! THE BEAST IS DOWN!

YOU'VE LED US ON A MERRY DANCE INDEED, FRIEND FELIX, BUT THE JIG IS UP...
GIVE ME THE FOCUS.
YOU'RE A FOOL, MARWOOD. I DON'T HAVE IT...
IT'LL BE OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY BY NOW!
HEH. I APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN SIDETRACKED. HOW VERY... DIVERTING. BUT HUSH, NOBLE BEAST, YOU ARE GRIEVOUSLY WOUNDED...


...IT'S TIME, I THINK, TO PUT YOU OUT OF MY MISERY.
ACME
FZZAAKKK!

HARK! WHAT'S THIS? A DISTANT TRUMPET IN THE VALLEY?
VWORP! VWORP!
TALLY-HO! SADDLE UP!
THE GAME'S AFOOT!

STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH (Page 1 Inks: ROBIN RIGGS)
LETTERS: ELITTA FELL EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY

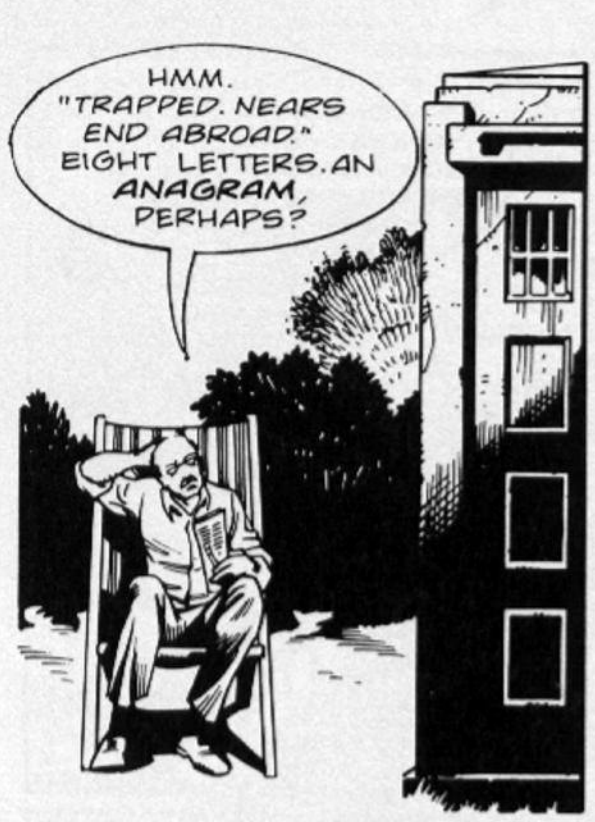
AN INDIAN SUMMER, I'D SAY– BUT THE DESTINATION MONITOR READ DECEMBER...
TIME FOR THAT THIRTY THOUSAND LIGHT YEARS' SERVICE!

THE WISTERIA TEA ROOMS – THIS WAY, I THINK...
WONDER IF OLD MRS PARKHOUSE IS STILL BAKING HER SCONES?
"CHANGE MAN ON CALL." SIX LETTERS...

THE TIMES
DOCTOR
...OF COURSE.
ST JUSTINIANS' NORTH, THE FOX INN WEST? THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT – OR EVEN LEFT...
STRANGE. IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER...
BOOKS
...I'D SAY I WAS LOST!

WHAT DO YOU THINK? ONE OF MARWOOD'S?
I-I'M NOT SURE...

ME NEITHER--
--BUT WE'LL NEED A HOSTAGE IF WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF STOCKBRIDGE!
KLIK!


HMM. "TRAPPED. NEARS END ABROAD." EIGHT LETTERS. AN ANAGRAM, PERHAPS?

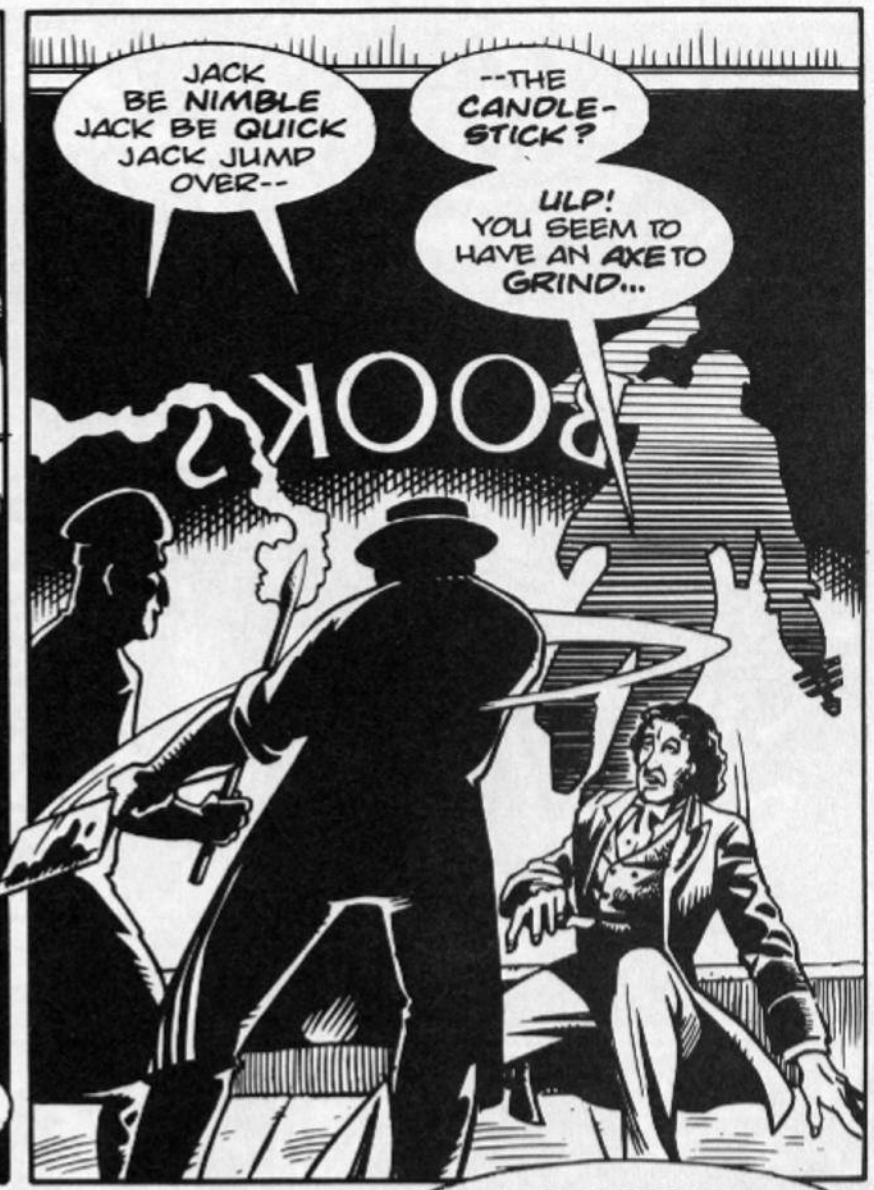
EXCUSE ME, MISS--
SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE--

RUB-A-DUB-DUB, THREE MEN IN A TUB, AND WHO DO YOU THINK THEY BE?

THE BUTCHER...
THE BAKER...
THE CANDLESTICK-MAKER...
TURN 'EM OUT, KNAVES ALL THREE!
KERCHUNK!
E
N
S
N
A
R
E
D
A-HA!

HERE COMES A CANDLE TO LIGHT YOU TO BED...
HERE COMES A CHOPPER TO CHOP OFF YOUR HEAD!
CHIP! CHOP! CHIP! CHOP!
LOOK, I ONLY WANTED DIRECTIONS...

DON'T YOU SEE, YOU SILLY BOY? WE'RE ALL DIRECTED HERE...


JACK BE NIMBLE JACK BE QUICK JACK JUMP OVER--
--THE CANDLE-STICK?
ULP! YOU SEEM TO HAVE AN AXE TO GRIND...
BOOK?

KA-KREESH!
GET DOWN!
FZZAAKK!
FZZAAKK!
FZZAAKK!

THEY'RE ALL DEAD...
THEY WEREN'T ALIVE. HANDS UP, WEIRDY. ONE TOO-FAST MOVE AND YOU'RE PUNCTURED.
YOU CAN COME ON OUT, MAX. SHOOTING'S OVER...
A-ARE YOU SURE?
ACME
"MAX"?

MAX! MAXWELL EDISON! IT'S ME, MAX--
THE DOCTOR! FROM GALLIFREY, REMEMBER?
UM... O-OF COURSE!
IZZY, THIS IS MY FRIEND, THE DOCTOR! ONCE, HE HELPED ME MAKE CONTACT. AND NOW HE'S CHANGED HIS FACE...
UH-HUH...
YOU BELIEVE HIM?
SURE. MAX'S MENTIONED YOU BEFORE. NAME'S IZZY S. MAX AND I MAKE UP THE BUREAU FOR INTERPLANETARY LIAISON (STOCKBRIDGE DIVISION). IT'S OUR JOB TO BELIEVE...
YOU SEE, DOCTOR...
...STOCKBRIDGE HAS BEEN INVADED BY ALIENS!
NOT EXACTLY, NO. COME NOW, CHILDREN...
LEAVING SO SOON? THE FUN'S BARELY STARTED!
LOOKING FOR THIS, MARWOOD?
AH. THE FOCUS...
THERE'S REALLY NO NEED FOR ANY UNPLEASANTNESS, GIRL...
THE FOCUS IS MINE. IT WAS STOLEN FROM ME. GIVE IT BACK AND YOU MIGHT LEAVE...

FETCH.

OUR PLEASURE.

HEH.

"YET, O MARK REVEALS A VILLAIN."
EIGHT LETTERS...
GOING SOMEWHERE, DOCTOR?
DON'T YOU WANT TO PLAY MY GAMES?
TO BE CONTINUED...

# Fluid Links

by **Matthew Jones**

# Not even close . . .

"Darling, groaned the confused-sounding voice, "where are you going?"

I froze in the bedroom doorway. I was fully dressed, holding my shoes in my hand. I'd been caught red-handed! It was 10 to midnight and, after tossing and turning in bed for an hour, I'd finally come to the conclusion that I couldn't wait until morning for the new *Doctor Who* movie. I was going to have to go down to the special midnight opening at HMV in Piccadilly to buy a copy. I explained this to my beloved who looked at me with no small bemusement.

"Let me get this straight," replied Iain blearily. "You're going into town, at midnight, to buy a video?"

I nodded awkwardly. "Er . . . Yeah." It crossed my mind that this was quite an implausible story. "It's a fan thing," I explained, "you wouldn't understand."

**There was something fundamental absent from the film. It was the Doctor himself.**

"Too bloody right," he muttered and disappeared back under the duvet.

Some three hours later, as I lay on the sofa in the sitting room, the end credits rolling across the screen, I was seriously asking myself why I had sat up until three o'clock. I mean, *was that it*? Was that the new *Doctor Who* movie I'd been dreaming about for months?

It was only when the Eighth Doctor and Grace returned to the TARDIS on the police motorcycle towards the end of the film that I remembered I was actually watching *Doctor Who*. It took the familiar outline of the blue police box to make me realise why I had stayed awake. Somewhere along the line I'd forgotten that this was supposed to be the same programme that I'd loved for the last 20-odd years. It wasn't just the car chases, gun-toting gangs and *Terminator 2* iconography that had left me confused. There was something fundamental absent from the film. It took me a little while to realize what it was. And when I finally worked it out, I was quite shocked. It was the Doctor himself. That mysterious traveller in time and space was totally absent from the 90 minutes of glossy action/adventure I'd just watched.

Before you think I've completely lost my mind, I'm aware that the attractive young man with the wig and the frock coat was supposed to be the Doctor. But for me, the differences between him and his predecessors were too great for me to be able to accept that he was the eighth incarnation of the same man. The Doctor I know and love is an alien, asexual and travels through time and space in a strange and mysterious craft; quite unlike anything I've ever seen before or since. By contrast, the Eighth Doctor is half-human, heterosexual and lives in the Batcave. Believe me, they're just not the same person at all.

The whole point of the character is his alienness. In the first-ever episode, *An Unearthly Child*, he tells us that he is not of this Earth and not of this race. We are asked to consider what it must be like to be a wanderer in the fourth dimension, to be an exile, cut off from our own planet and friends. It is this tragic element of his character which has always appealed to me. However much he cares about his companions, we know that he will have to give them up so they can resume their ordinary lives. There is no ordinary life for the Doctor. He is condemned to walk in eternity forever, the TARDIS his only constant companion in his enormously long and varied life. To learn that, presumably, his mum came from Earth (and where did she come from? South Croydon? Bognor?) rather spoils the whole effect, don't you think? Now, of course, it is rather strange that the Doctor has spent so much time on Earth, and this probably does need some explaining. However, I'm much more convinced by Kate Orman's suggestion: when the villain in *Return of the Living Dad*, a *New Adventures* novel, asks the Doctor why he cares about Earth so much, the Doctor replies: "Most planets look like quarries. Earth is precious." The Doctor loves Earth because of its abundance of ever-changing life. As he tells Light in *Ghostlight*, "It's this planet. It can't help itself!"

To make the Doctor heterosexual only serves to make him more ordinary, more like all the other heroes. His curious asexuality has always given him a childlike quality. Sex and romance seem to baffle him. It is as if they are outside his comprehension. In *City of Death*, he tries to find an explanation for Duggan's interest in the Countess: "You're a beautiful woman – probably," he manages. What makes the Doctor unique and alien is that he loves on a different level and in a different way to us mere mortals. His is a big love for big things. To make him a half-human heterosexual, turns him into just another "guy with two hearts."

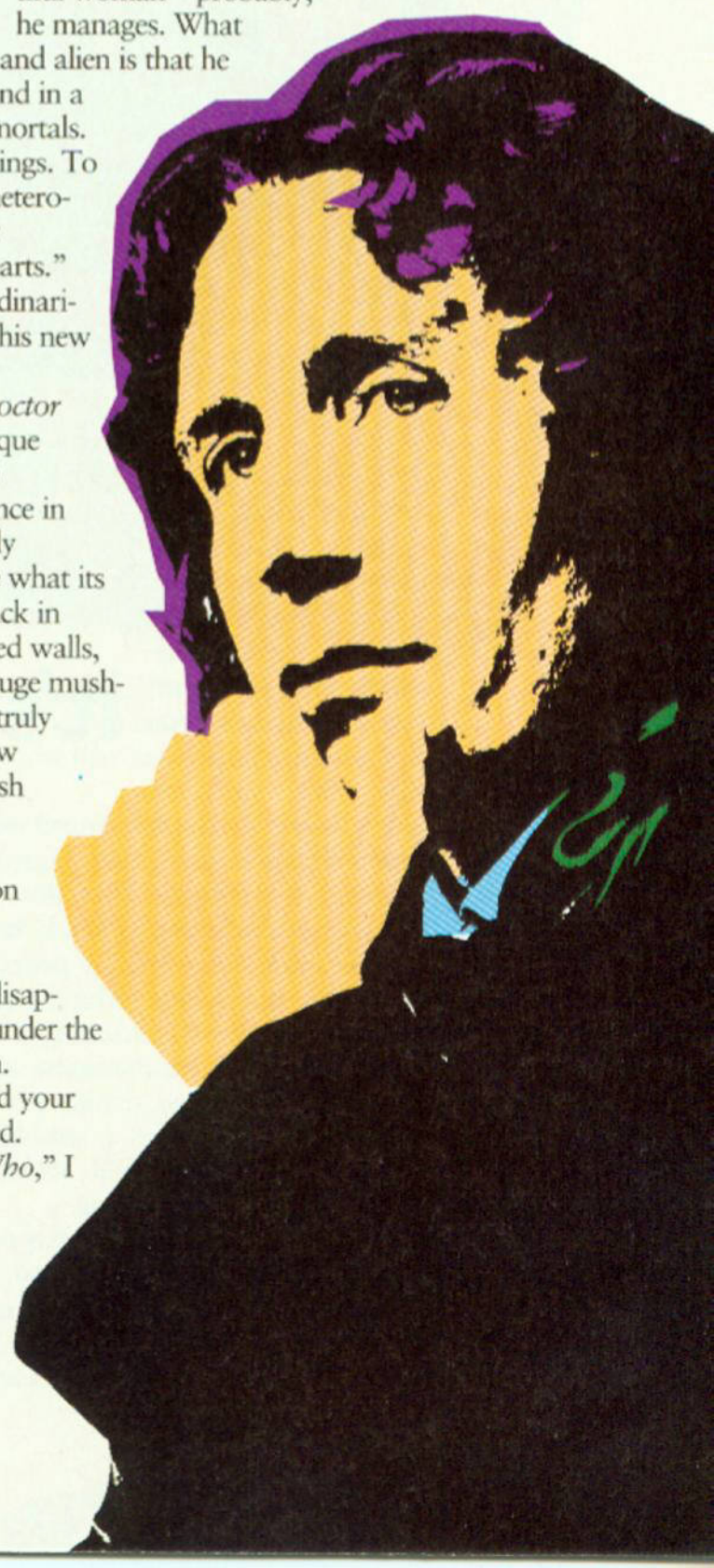
The Eighth Doctor's ordinariness is only confirmed by his new home. Part of the thrill of watching an episode of *Doctor Who* is to glimpse the unique and strange interior of the TARDIS. Its first appearance in *An Unearthly Child* is truly shocking – I can't imagine what its impact must have been back in 1963. Its strange roundelled walls, pervasive humming and huge mushroom-shaped console are truly unearthly. The Doctor now appears to live in an English castle complete with bats. Everything is written in English and the switches on the TARDIS console go "boing!"

I crawled back to bed, disappointed, but failed to slip under the sheets without waking Iain.

"Happy now you've had your *Doctor Who* fix?" he asked.

"That wasn't *Doctor Who*," I whispered, defiantly. "It wasn't even close."

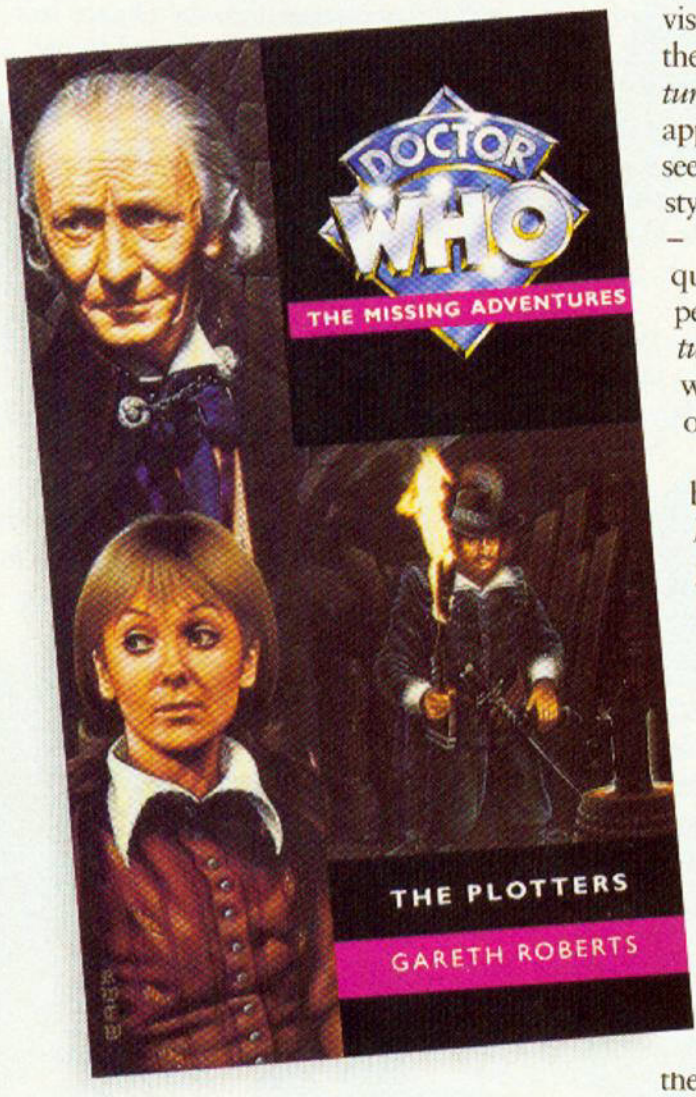
"Whatever," he murmured, drifting back to sleep. ◆



# Shelf Life

There once was a thesp name of Jon,
Who wowed them at many a con'
With tales of his stint;
And now they're in print
**Dave Owen** remembers he shone

Don't worry – the *New Adventures* haven't ended prematurely. I'll be looking at Ben Aaronovitch's *So Vile A Sin* just as soon as I can get my hands on it, but in the meantime, I'll take the opportunity to catch up on some non-fiction from Virgin this month.




## THE PLOTTERS

There seem to be fewer surprises lurking within the covers of the *New* and *Missing Adventures* than a few years ago, possibly because Virgin Publishing has amassed a pool of dependable writers, some of whom appear in their schedules several times a year. One such is Gareth Roberts, who now returns with *The Plotters* (ISBN 0 426 20488 3), a *Missing Adventure* featuring the First Doctor, Ian, Barbara, and Vicki. Set in 1605, the book features some (presumably period-style) illustrations by **Doctor Who Magazine**'s Paul Vyse that have an endearing primitiveness about them; the characters all stare straight out of the page, smiling as if proud of maintaining at least a semblance of anatomical accuracy, and seeking the reader's approval for so doing.

There's no such humility about the text, however. Gareth paints with broad, unambiguous strokes, placing few demands on the reader's imagination or stamina. Like William Hartnell himself, he seems far more confident and happy with an Earth-based or historical setting than a more technological one, and so *The Plotters* benefits by being the only *Missing Adventure* so far to contain no fantastical elements other than the TARDIS and its occupants.

The author's debut, *The Highest Science*, was conspicuously more similar to the televised series than the other literary outings of the Seventh Doctor, and as the *New Adventures* progressed, and defined their own approach and agenda, so Gareth's work seemed ever more at odds with the house style, perversely clinging to televised norms – such as lingering in settings resembling quarries or shopping centres. He is perfectly at home in the *Missing Adventures*, being able to analyse and synthesise whatever elements made a particular era of the series unique.

This alchemist is apparently untempted by the more obvious golden eras of *Doctor Who*, and has opted here to partially send-up a period of the show that itself thrived on partial send-ups. The book's most impressive achievement is the way that it simultaneously celebrates, satirises and justifies the imperfections of the series. Vicki, for example, is just as wet and ineffectual as on screen, yet here is fully aware of this, and despairing of her own inadequacy. Forced, as in *The Crusade*, to assume the identity of the Doctor's young page boy, she is comically forced to avoid the homosexual advances of King James, whose court the Doctor has effortlessly infiltrated. It's not quite *Carry On Plotting*, but comes close at times – as the extract selected for this page perhaps demonstrates.

The great thing about Ian and Barbara was that William Russell and Jacqueline Hill gave their performances just enough weight to ensure that younger viewers didn't feel patronised, but smiled enough to signal to their elders that they knew this was all rather threadbare and unreal and thus weren't taking it too seriously. Gareth manages to sustain this tongue-in-cheek element, keeping the two teachers totally in character. Rather charmingly, as soon as they realise they are in London in 1605, they behave like up-market tourists and set off to see a performance at Shakespeare's Globe Theatre.

We may never know how much of William Hartnell's performance was a brilliant representation of elderly eccentricity, and how much was the real thing, and *Shelf Life* has been criticised in the past for daring to assume the latter. *The Plotters* describes Hartnell's mannerisms with a detail bordering on the clinical, and also furnishes explanations for them, such as the Doctor's deliberate ploy of feigning a slight coughing fit when faced with a difficult confession. At times we see the altogether more wily, beady-eyed old man peering out from behind his usual mask of frailty. This depiction of the First Doctor is rendered perfect by adherence to such nuances as his tendency to say "I should say" instead of "I would say."

I can't imagine anyone failing to enjoy this book, especially if they're the sort that prefers *The Romans* to *The Crusade*. It's good, old-fashioned (mostly) clean fun. I should say that's rather impressive, now, wouldn't you? Hmm?

**It's not quite *Carry On Plotting*, but comes close at times.**

**The Plotters** *by Gareth Roberts*

"I am Ian Chesterton. This lady is . . ." He faltered a second. "My wife, Barbara." He gave Barbara an apologetic shrug. She could see the logic in his lie, and found she didn't mind at all.

"Oh ay?" Firking frowned. "And what's your trade?"

"We are schoolmasters," Ian said patiently, "at a school in Shoreditch." There was an awkward silence. "And what is your trade?"

Firking and Hodge both looked confused. "Aye, we have told you that." Firking tapped the apron at the swelling of his beer-gut. "We are true gentlemen of the gentle craft."

Realisation came to Barbara. "Cobblers."

Ian stared at her. "Don't upset them," he whispered.

## THE HANDBOOK – THE THIRD DOCTOR

The word 'handbook' can be utterly foreboding, bearing connotations of tyre pressure tables, or instructions unhelpfully translated from Japanese; no one, surely, would ever actually read a handbook for

# For a trivia buff, this book is indispensable.

pleasure! Yet I'm sure that I'll find myself voluntarily flicking through the latest volume from David J Howe and Stephen James Walker many times in the future, possibly for reference, or more likely just to pass a few moments perusing unlikely facts about the Third Doctor's reign. For a trivia buff, *The Handbook – The Third Doctor* (ISBN 0 426 20486 7) is rendered indispensable by the inclusion of such nuggets as the fact that outgoing producer Derrick Sherwin made a cameo appearance as the UNIT commissionaire in *Spearhead from Space*, or that the sea fort from *The Sea Devils* has been sold to a property developer and put on the market as two luxury homes valued at over five million pounds.

Other than helping me decide where I'd like to retire after I win my libel suit against Scott Gray for his litigation-worthy comments about my appearance in Issue 242's *Timelines*, this book offers a good balance of documentation, quoted reminiscence and informed opinion. It's split into the same sections and subsections as previous volumes, and I am pleased to find less overlap of information between the sections than in the preceding Fifth Doctor book. This instalment's chosen specialised role is that of Costume Design; the authors having spoken to many of those responsible for the task, most entertainingly Bobi Bartlett. Bobi tells us that she unfortunately chose to have her designs made up by a freelancer who was detained at Her Majesty's Pleasure between being commissioned and delivering the goods. The costumes were intended for *The Mind of Evil*, a story set largely in a prison. Oh, the irony.

It would be easy to dismiss the section entitled *Jon Pertwee – in his own words* as mere cut-and-paste opportunism, as it consists of excerpts from previously-published interviews with the actor, but they have been well-chosen and give a good summary of the man and his work for those unable to afford this month's other non-fiction title. Other sections allow those behind the scenes to express their philosophy on the series, most literally in the case of producer Barry Letts, who briefly outlines the Buddhist principles that inspired his writing.

If the authors have a weakness, it's a tendency to take what's shown on screen absolutely literally, based on the slightest of visual clues. Hence the rather silly conclusion, in the section on the Doctor's character, that he is so vain as to change his clothes when trapped in the TARDIS and running out of air. I had been quite happy to accept this as a minor visual continuity error in *Planet of the Daleks* rather than having to rationalise it into the events of the story. But this is mere nit-picking; what is more distressing is the later assertion that the stage play *The Ultimate Adventure* and the *Children in Need* insert, *Dimensions In Time*, are not "part of the genuine *Doctor Who* canon". The use of this terminology to imply that certain components of a fantastical body of fiction such as *Doctor Who* are somehow less real or genuine than others is an infuriating and immature way to intellectualise one's personal tastes, and I'm disappointed that the authors have fallen prey to the practice.

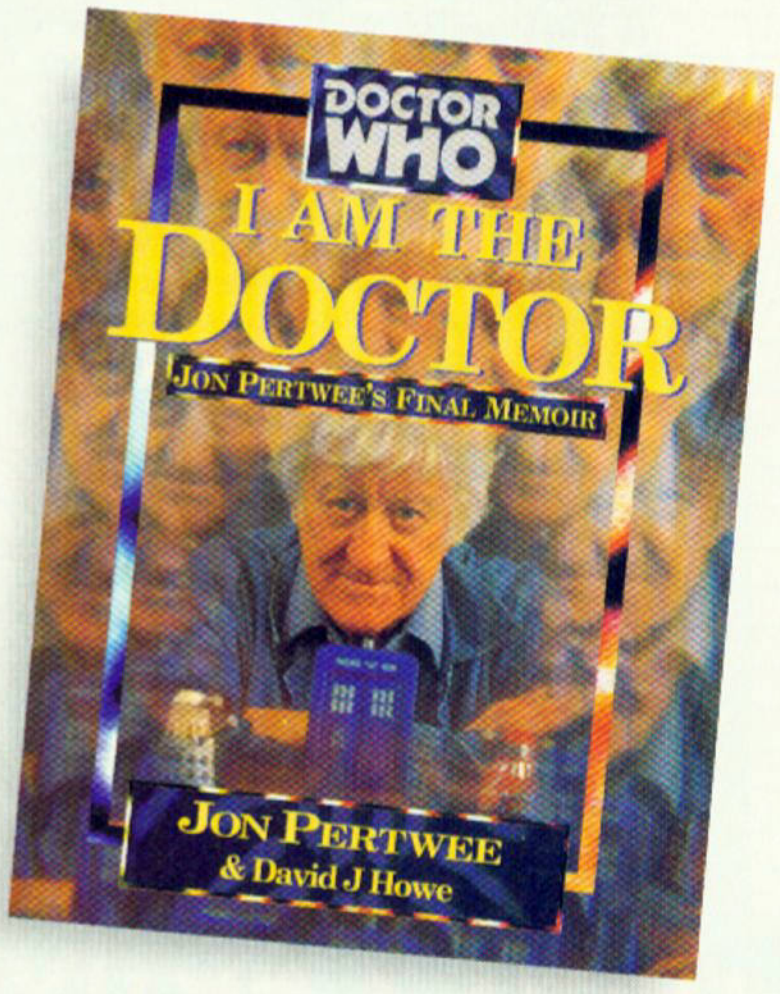
Providing reviews of 30 *Doctor Who* stories without resorting to cliché is a tall order, and David and Stephen make a creditable job of it. Wisely, they again choose to express their views separately, and I felt this was most valuable when they were at loggerheads. Those frustrated by *Shelf Life*'s lack of reader-friendly marks out of 10 will find a comforting fix of such vulgar fractions here!

I'd have been fascinated to learn why unedited repeats of *Doctor Who* episodes have had different running times to their original transmissions, but fortunately this book answers many more questions than it poses. This volume and its companions should indisputably form the basis of any budget *Doctor Who* reference library. Unreservedly recommended.

## I AM THE DOCTOR
### JON PERTWEE'S FINAL MEMOIR

The expectations placed on members of the acting profession by their public can be wholly unreasonable. Just because actors make a living by telling other peoples' stories in films or plays, we think it natural to ask them to provide coherent, meaningful, and entertaining stories about their own lives and careers whenever they are interviewed. Having forced them to dramatise their own experiences, we then regard them as an odd bunch because all they ever seem to talk about are backstage practical jokes, or encounters with heroes of their own. But why should they have led lives that are any more interesting than ours?

Unusually, Jon Pertwee did have an extraordinary wealth of experience, and *I Am The Doctor* (ISBN 1 85227 621 5) starts well by recapping the events in Jon's life before he took the role of the Doctor, previously recounted in his autobiography, *Moon Boots and Dinner Suits*, now out of print. However, the real focus of the book is a personal retrospective of the years in which he played the Doctor. It's a large-format volume, like Sophie Aldred and Mike Tucker's *Ace!*, and the 128 pages – including a 16-page central colour section – are rich in visual material, much of it completely new. It's not just rare production photos, although these are most welcome, but also more unusual items such as the guest appearance by a dashingly-

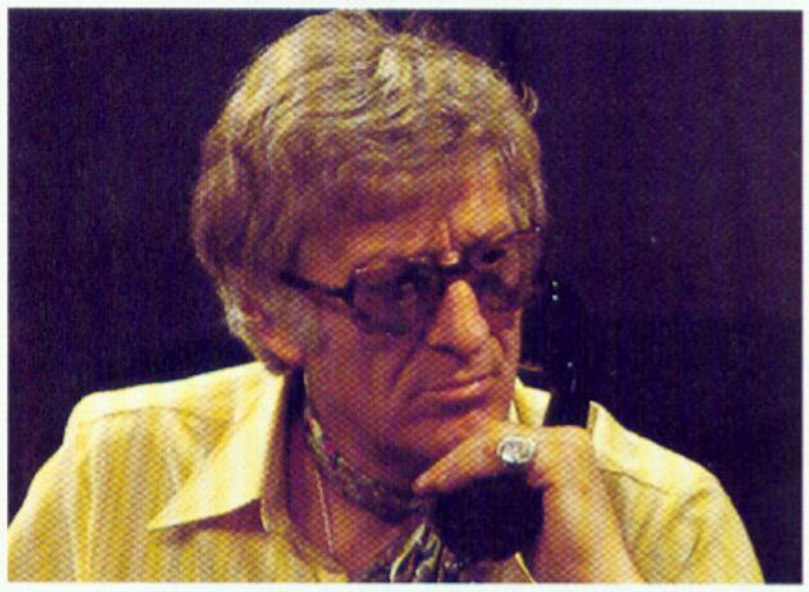



handsome young Pertwee in a 1953 edition of *TV Fun* comic, and later caricature portraits that are charming, but sadly uncredited.

Jon displays a canny perception of his readers' expectations, knowing full well that his dislike of the Daleks will not be shared, apologising for this, and then going on to explain why he found them so tiresome. He is equally frank when describing which of his stories he considered less effective than others, and completely honest

**Jon Pertwee displays a canny perception of his readers' expectations.**

when, for example, he cannot dredge up a single memory of the making of *The Mutants*. Never encumbered by an excess of modesty, he also generously allows all those who worked with him regularly on screen to remember him kindly in brief separate sections. In addition, there is an introduction by his era's producer, the eloquent Barry Letts, who really deserves a book of his own.



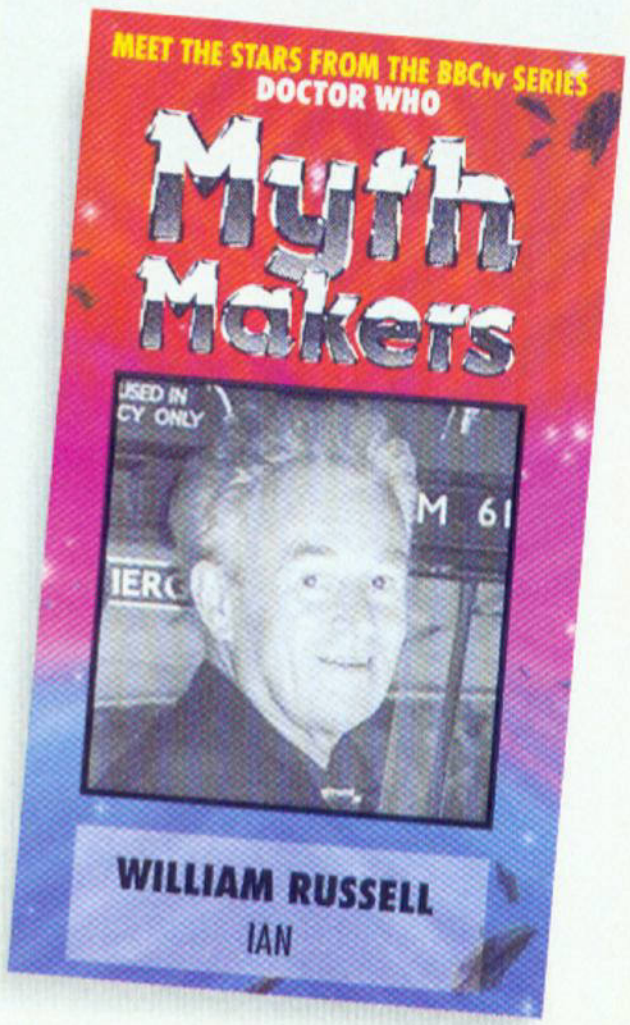
The tiny plot summaries and cast list accompanying Jon's memories of each story are utterly superfluous, being available in countless other volumes, and those needing to be reminded of which story he is remembering will be assisted by the appropriate photographs nearby. As with *Doctor Who – The Seventies*, I experienced much unintended hilarity on finding that the authors felt it necessary to explicitly state in captions that Kevin Lindsay was not wearing his Sontaran mask as Linx in some of the photos. It's like reading "John Scott Martin (not wearing Dalek costume), left."

Although David J Howe is credited as co-writer, this is no ghost-written cash-in, with the majority of the prose in the first person and sounding overwhelmingly authentic. It is unfortunate that this volume coincides so closely with *The Handbook* and the *An Evening With The Doctor* audio tape since Jon recounts many of the same stories in exactly the same way in all three; I felt like joining in with the latest telling of Jon's agent phoning Peter Bryant to enquire after the role of the Doctor to be told he was on the short list.

Nonetheless, there's a surprising amount of new material; we finally learn why Jon's left leg was perpetually bent in scenes when he was lying prone, get to discover his nonplussed reaction to *Dimensions in Time*, and for the mechanically minded, find out exactly what was under the bonnet of everything Jon drove as the Doctor.

If I had to choose just one document to remember Jon Pertwee by then this would be it. By reminding me of his performance, which entranced me as a child, and the stories he's told about it since then, it made me realise more than anything else just how much I will miss his presence on the *Doctor Who* scene. A worthy testament.

**This must be a hot tape for those who regard the London Transport Routemaster as an object of desire.**



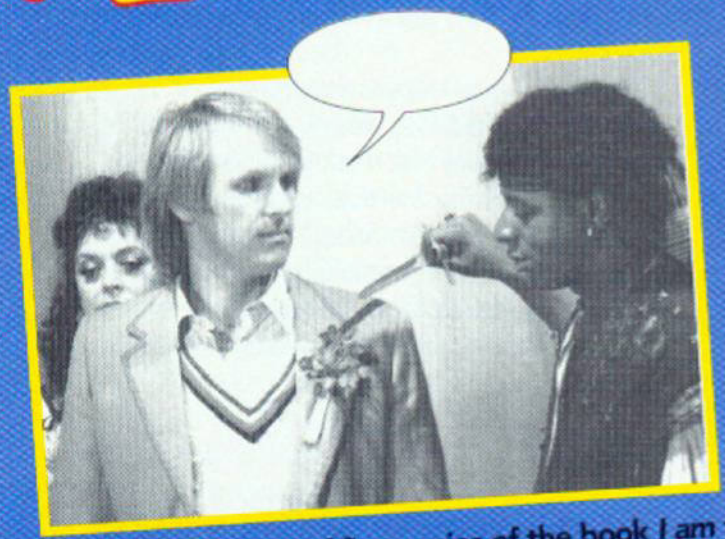

## MYTH MAKERS 33
## WILLIAM RUSSELL

Interviews, no matter how revealing or eloquent, are entertainment only on the first viewing and thereafter simply reference material. Perhaps sensing this, the *Myth Makers* team have always tried to inject interest by showing their interviewee visiting locations from their time on the series. This time, William Russell visits Trafalgar Square and is identified through a Dalek's eyestalk in what is, alas, the high point of this tape (RTP0147) in terms of excitement.

It's a stylish enough presentation that has William and interviewer Nick Briggs jumping aboard a London double-decker bus to head into the country while the incidental music hints strongly at Cliff Richard's *Summer Holiday*. However, my interest quickly waned as William's reminiscences of his early days in acting were accompanied by no relevant visual material at all. In desperation, the shot slowly cuts to almost indecent close-ups of the exterior of the bus. This must be a hot tape for those who regard the London Transport Routemaster as an object of desire.

Arriving at Riverside Studios, the subject turns to *Doctor Who*, but Nick fails to draw much passion from his interviewee, who in any case seems far too perfect a gentleman to say anything inflammatory or scandalous. Shot on a perfect summer's day, the locations throughout are gorgeous, and finally become relevant as we see the river bank behind the studio where the Dalek emerged from the Thames in 1964's *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*. It's a reminder that William Russell's original mystery tour was far more magical than this one. ◆

# CRAZY CAPTION!



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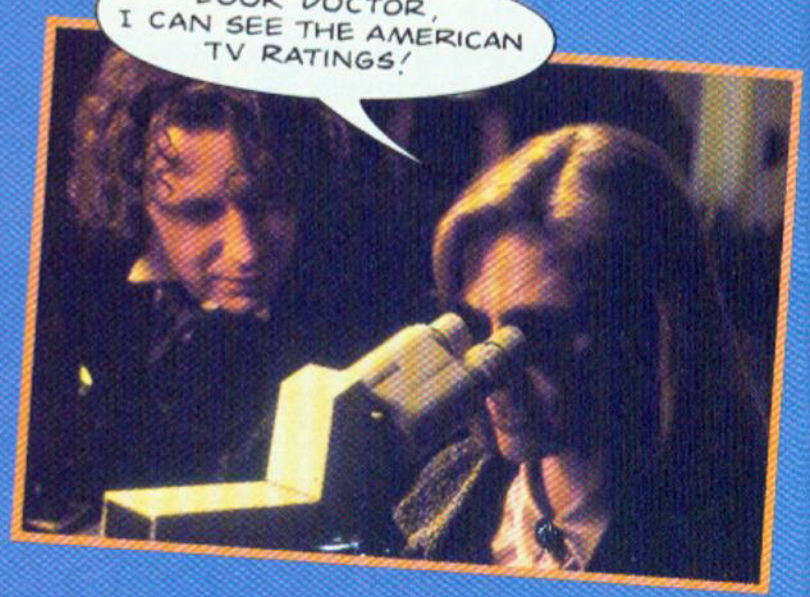


The hamlet of Tunbridge Wells was once a sleepy, easy-going place where all the elderly residents had to talk about was the day's share prices and the health of their cocker spaniels. That all changed the day the brash and bumptious media circus that is **Doctor Who Magazine** came to town. Scarcely an evening passes without Paul and Scott – generally stumbling along the street worse for wear after too many wine gums and bottles of Iru-Bru – getting into their familiar argument over who is the best *Doctor Who* monster with tusks; Paul always claims its Aggedor, wheras Scott, I think justifiably, won't have a word said against the Rills. The local Women's Institute has threatened to throw a bucket of water over our rowing creatives, so to calm them, we asked the ladies to judge our *Crazy Caption*. The winner, from **Robert Edwardson** of Winsford, is printed above. We actually preferred "I know you said size doesn't matter – but really, Doctor!" from Julie Pearce, but the WI would send the vicar round to lecture us if we printed that.

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# Temporal orbits

**Steve Lyons concludes his valiant attempt to make sense of the mechanics of time travel in the *Doctor Who* universe.**

## "So free will isn't an illusion, after all."

So says the Third Doctor after learning that *his* Earth doesn't have to share the fate of its parallel universe counterpart in *Inferno*. But why should he have ever imagined that free will *was* an illusion? Presumably, he was thinking of the theory that every event in Time is predetermined, as discussed last issue. The Fourth Doctor, for example, knew at the very least that the Great Fire of London had occurred – which means that (whether you want to believe that he knew it by that point or not) he was already destined to start the conflagration in a later incarnation and there was nothing he could do to change that fact. Of course, this doesn't mean that the Fifth Doctor's choices during *The Visitation* were any less his own; it's just that Time knew in advance what they would all be. Well it would do, wouldn't it?

Like any other time travel theory, however, this one isn't without its problems . . .

### MANY DATES WITH DESTINY

If the timeline already records the events of the Doctor's personal future, then presumably he could find out how to overcome any threat by travelling to a point after which he has already done so? Well, maybe, but apart from the logistics of actually doing this (don't mention the Time/Space Visualiser, I don't want to know), there is the question of what he could do with such foreknowledge. If the answer to that is nothing, for fear of changing the past (as I suggested last issue), then he's better off not knowing.

It's a depressing thought, though: having been to the far future and discovered an Earth whose history, despite all the meddling he is yet to do, is littered with misery and bloodshed, the Doctor has to continue his travels without hope of making things better but only of ensuring that they don't get worse (eg: that future Earth isn't ruled by Daleks).

It was for such reasons that Virgin Books discounted the idea of what they called a 'deterministic universe' for their *New Adventures* (see the writers' guidelines or Peter Darvill-Evans' essay in the back of *Deceit*). However, they got themselves into no less of a fix by doing so. Their theory was that the Time Lords, observing our universe from without, would see a tangle of possibilities, but that the act of visiting any one of those possibilities – any point in time – would cause it to be 'crystallised'. In other words, the only moments of the timeline which are immutable are those which the Doctor or another Time Lord has visited.

This implies, for a start, that the Doctor's first visit to the sixties was, in a sense, responsible for 'creating' an Earth which had already suffered through countless wars and disasters. How can he forgive himself if his curiosity has caused the eradication of all possible timelines in which two World Wars never occurred? Also, there are practical considerations: the London in which the Doctor landed contained many legacies of its past, from text books to census records to old buildings. His visit must have crystallised far more than just the events of a few weeks in November 1963. Or are we supposed to believe that none of those things can definitively exist until the Doctor himself has looked at them?

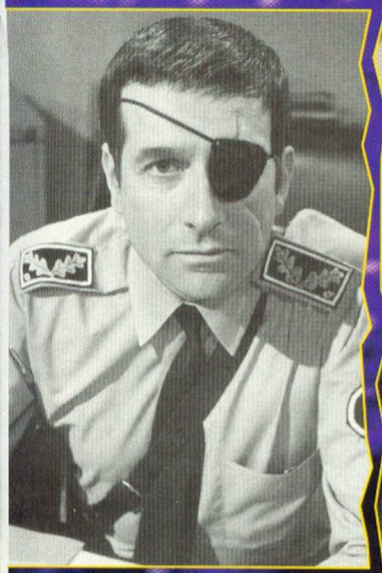
What's more, we still don't know how he can land in a London shaped in part by the Great Fire, without having yet started it – nor why, if his foiling of Sutekh's plans cannot yet be a historical event, said plans are not either. Best not to think about it too hard, I suppose. And in case you think I've forgotten *Inferno* and the Doctor's 'free will' line . . .

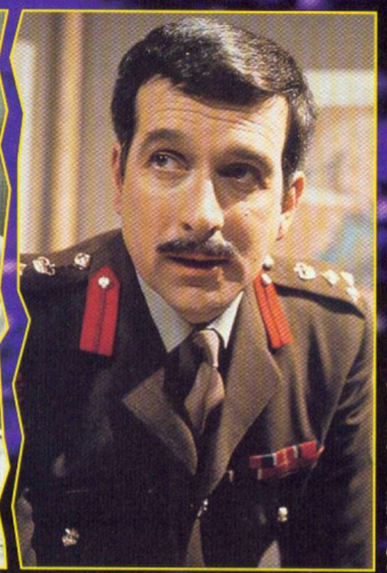
### AMAZING PARALLELS

One advantage of the Virgin theory is that a late addition (circa the *New Adventure, Blood Heat*) factored those tricky little parallel universes into the equation. The parallel Earth idea has been a popular staple of science fiction ever since the first story was written concerning what might have happened if Rome hadn't fallen (which was probably finished about two weeks after Rome fell, I imagine). The US series *Sliders* sees its cast propelled into a different dimension each week, and Marvel's own American branch has been getting mileage out of the concept for decades: they even have a monthly comic book – *What If?* – devoted to it.

It's simple, really: each important decision we make splits the timeline so that our world goes one way and a different, parallel world goes the other. Since the Doctor appears to believe that, somehow, 'free will' is responsible for the creation of the extra-dimensional Earth of *Inferno*, he must be thinking along these lines. His actions can spell the difference between survival and destruction for his world, and even Time doesn't know which of the two pathways he will travel down.

Marvel US has gone one step further, extending the parallel universe concept to explain what happens when you alter the past.





The Thing of the Fantastic Four goes back in time and stops his earlier self becoming the Thing; upon his return, he can travel sideways into an alternative time continuum and visit the present of the world which he has just created, in which the Fantastic Four have been one member short for years and Galactus has destroyed the planet as a result.

It's imaginative and workable, and it allows the Marvel superheroes to run rampant through history without affecting their own present. For that very reason, though, it can't be applied to *Doctor Who* – else the Doctor might as well just have saved the Aztecs and let the Meddling Monk do what he liked.

This is where the *New Adventures* come in. Drawing on the evidence of *Logopolis*, they established that parallel universes can be created as outlined above, but that they sap heat from the real one, thus hastening its death. This is an alternative to (and completely incompatible with) last month's 'time loop' idea, but it has the same effect of making it possible but not desirable to change history. Whilst solving some of our problems, though, it does beg the question of how the world of *Inferno* came into being. Presumably, the Doctor (or more likely another Time Lord) must have committed a *faux pas* in the past, rewriting the present so that fascists came into power and the Doctor himself was never born or at least never exiled. The trouble is, this makes nonsense of his free will speech. Still, there comes a point when you just have to ignore a throwaway line like that in the hope that no one will notice.

This seems as good a time as any to return to *The Visitation* (or *The Romans* or *The Chase* or any 'pseudo-historical', as discussed last issue) and ask why, if the Doctor started the Great Fire of London, he didn't just create a parallel universe to run alongside his own (in which said fire didn't happen)? Never mind, the Fantastic Four slipped up on that one too.

### OH NO, NOT THE TIME LORDS!

Well? Have you picked out your favourite theory of time travel yet? I hope so, because a glance at the Time Lords' antics is going to destroy it. Their interferences in the affairs of other worlds must almost certainly be interferences in the timestream, right? In fact, count the number of times that they've tried to change a future which they've already seen (although Virgin would say that they have merely spotted an overwhelming number of unpleasant possible futures and have acted to ensure that one of the nicer minority becomes the 'real' one). Whatever you've chosen to believe so far, you can see why such actions were considered dangerous enough to be outlawed.

Consider the most blatant example of Time Lord interference: *Genesis of the Daleks*. In this story, the Doctor is given *carte blanche* to change the established history of a race which has had an enormous impact upon many civilizations. Somehow, the Time Lords will presumably mitigate whatever effects you believe such a change would have. And a change there certainly is: the Daleks aren't wiped out, but their plans suffer a considerable setback. Surely, then, all pre-*Genesis* Dalek stories are rendered meaningless? For instance, when the Doctor landed on Earth in 2167, the Daleks probably weren't developed enough to be thinking about an invasion yet! I wonder, does he realise this? Does he remember his adventures as we saw

**Far left:** *The Visitation*: 'Great Fire'

**Left:** *Inferno*: 'free will'

**Below:** *The Two Doctors*: 'time differential'

Photos © BBC Video

them, or in slightly altered versions? If he met, say, Vicki again, would she know of the Daleks at all? Or would she recall a meeting with Davros (who, perhaps, died in the original history, hence his non-appearance then ubiquitous nature since)? *Genesis of the Daleks* is *Doctor Who*'s most obvious foray into this territory, and perhaps disappointingly – although rightly, I'm sure – the ramifications have been ignored.

Later on, though, the Seventh Doctor began to get in on the act, observing the future so that he could make plans based on it and leaving crafty notes to his past self to ensure that he would win each battle. Ironically, this latter idea was taken up and used to a much greater extent in the *New Adventures*, despite its total incompatibility with their own theory of time travel. Oops.

## THE PITIFUL FEW RULES REMAINING

Happily, there are some things which even the Time Lords can't do. There is plenty of evidence to suggest that their lives are governed by a dimension in which they cannot travel freely: a sort of Absolute Time. That's why the Doctor, whichever era he is in, seems to have a 'present' which is linked to that of Gallifrey. Therefore, visits to his homeworld occur in chronological order and the Time Lords are unable to invite future Doctors to anniversary celebrations. If you want to point to Susan's "fifth dimension" in *100,000BC* and assume that "space" is a bad translation for a concept indefinable by human language, then fine, I won't stop you. Of course, it's more vexing to ponder on why the Doctor's meetings with the Master and the Rani occur in the same order for each, but I haven't got the time or space to discuss that now.

A consequence of this is that the Doctor can't double-back on his own timestream (go back in Absolute Time), even to save Adric's life. This can also be explained using the 'time loop' theory discussed last issue (the Doctor goes back to save Adric, so Adric doesn't need saving by the future Doctor, so the Doctor doesn't go back in time, etc, you know the rest), and a certain Mr Blinovitch might have had a few words to say on the matter too.

If it wasn't for his Limitation Effect (which, more or less, prevents the Doctor from being in two places at once), there'd be no such thing as a race against time, nor of a disaster which could not be undone. But, just to be awkward: good old Blinovitch knows that the TARDIS can't land in a time where the Doctor is already present, but what if he lands a week before that and stays for a fortnight?

"Aha," you're all thinking, "he'd probably short out the time differential, like the Brigadier did in *Mawdryn Undead*!" Well, that's as good an excuse as any, I suppose. Actually, it's a lot more satisfying than the old DC Comics theory that, when someone visits an era in which they already exist, they automatically become immaterial. So we have our own version, where if you meet yourself, there's an enormous explosion with devastating consequences for the timestream . . . I can live with that. Of course, the Time Lords play havoc with this rule like all the others, but at least they have to somehow 'fool Time' by allowing only different versions of the Doctor to meet (they didn't send three versions of the Third Doctor after Omega, did they?).

Let's pause for a moment and consider what would happen if you could double back on your own timestream. It happened in the motion picture *Star Trek: Generations*, in which Captain Picard was given another chance to save a world which he had seen destroyed. Perplexingly, his earlier self was nowhere to be seen when he nipped back to avert this catastrophe. If you fancy a good laugh, you could also check out *The Collector*, a comic strip way back in Issue 46 of **DWM**, in which the Fourth Doctor corrects a small error on his part by setting the TARDIS for a few minutes into the past, ambushing his former self and knocking him cold.

It's obvious why this sort of thing can't really be allowed in *Doctor Who*. How can you predicate a series on the idea that the lead character can simply reverse anything which has happened to him? How can we be left in suspense by a cliffhanger, when even the worst outcome can be altered retroactively; when injury, defeat and death itself have become reversible?

Which brings us back to you-know-where . . .

## THAT TV MOVIE AGAIN

By apparently turning back time and restoring his friends to life, the Eighth Doctor showed abilities which, clearly, he had not possessed before. However, we have seen how his people have practically made an artform out of abusing the Laws of Time and evading the consequences; perhaps it was inevitable that he would develop those skills himself. There is probably still a huge risk attached to such actions, but maybe the Doctor has become proficient enough to be confident about taking it. His predecessor's comparatively minor transgressions can be seen as a step in this direction: he was practising! So, if you really want to, you can believe that the TV Movie was more consistent with established continuity than it first appeared. Well, as consistent as the preceding 158 stories, anyway.

Alas, the very good reasons for restricting the Doctor's powers (as outlined above) still hold. A future series of *Doctor Who* can't hope to last if every episode ends with such a (I've got to say it) cop-out. I suspect that in the event of such a series, this is an issue which will have to be, erm . . . totally ignored. The alternative is for the writer to delve deep into the mechanics of time travel and establish some new limitations, which I think is unlikely. Fans will put Grace and Chang's resurrections down to a one-off incident, facilitated by the Eye of Harmony and far too dangerous to reproduce, and *Doctor Who* will go back to what it has always done best: that is, making up the rules as it goes along.

Still, if we've learned anything, it's that there is one consolation for the continuity-minded viewer: that nobody else has ever been particularly consistent or logical about time travel either. *Doctor Who* might well have screwed up the whole thing from the start, but at least it's in good company. ◆

**Above:** *The Collector*: 'sock it to me . . .'

**Right:** *Doctor Who* – The TV Movie: 'cop out . . .'

**Below:** *Genesis of the Daleks*: 'ramifications ignored . . .'

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